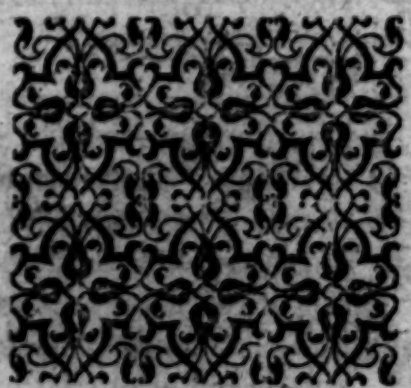
Mortimeriados.

THE LAMENtable ciuell warres of Edward the ſecond and the *Barrons*.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Humfry Lownes,
and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the Weſt
end of Paules Church.

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THE LAMEN-
table ciuell warres of
Edward the second and the
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end of Paules Church.

To the excellent and

moſt accompliſh'd Ladie, *Lucie* Counteſſe of Bedford.

REareſt of Ladies, all, of all I haue,
Anchor of my poore Tempeſt-beaten ſtate,
Which giueſt life, to that life Nature gaue,
And to thy ſelfe, doeſt onely conſecrate:
My hopes true Goddeſſe, guider of my fate,
Vouchſafe to grace what here to light is brought,
Begot by thy ſweet hand, borne of my thought.

And though I ſing of this tumultuous rage,
Still paynting paſſions in theſe Tragedies,
Thy milder lookes, this furie can aſwage,
Such is the vertue of thy ſacred eyes,
Which doe contayne a thouſand purities;
And lyke them ſelues, can make their obiect ſuch,
As doth Th'elixar all things it doth tuch.

Sweet fruite, ſprong from that euer ſacred tree,
That happie wombe from whom thou lyfe do'ſt take,
And with that lyfe, giues vertue vnto thee,
Thus made of her, her lyke of thee to make,
Shee lou'd for thee, thou honour'd for her ſake;
And eithers good, from other ſo deriued,
Yet ſhee, nor thou, of any due depriued.

The *Harringtons*, whose house thy byrth hath blest,
Adding such honour to theyr familie,
And famous *Bedfords* greatnes still increast,
Rayſing the height of theyr Nobilitie,
That Earledomes tytle more to dignifie?
That Vertue lyuely pictur'd forth in thee,
May truly be diſcernd, what ſhee ſhould be.

And Lawrell-crowned *Sidney*, Natures pride,
Whom heauen to earth, but onely ſhew'd this good,
Betwixt the world, and thee did then deuide,
His fame, and vertues, which both equall ſtood,
The world his fame, to thee of her owne blood
Hee gaue his vertues, that in his owne kind,
His neuer-matched worth might be enſhrin'd.

That whilſt they boaſt but of their ſun-burnt brayns,
Which *Tramontani* long haue termd vs ſo,
With all their *Po's*, their *Tyburs*, and their *Rheyn's*,
Greeuing to ſee how tidefull *Thames* ſhall flowe,
Our Groues which for the gracefull Muſes growe:
Thy name ſhall be the glorie of the North,
The fayreſt fruit that euer ſhee brought forth.

And in deſpight of tyranizing times,
This hope great Lady yet to thee is left,
Thy name ſhall lyue in ſteele-out-during rimes,
Still ſcorning ages ſacraligious theft,
What fame doth keepe, can neuer be bereft:
Nor can thy paſt-priz'd honour euer die,
If lynes can gyue thee immortalitie.

Leauing

Leauing vnto ſucceeding times to ſee,
How much thy ſacred gyfts I did adore,
What power thy vertues euer had in mee,
And what thou wert compar'd with thoſe before,
Which ſhall in age, thy youth againe reſtore:
And ſtill ſhall ad more vigor to thy fame,
Then earthly honors, or a Counteſſe name.

Proclayming vnto ages yet to come,
Whilſt *Bedford* lyu'd, what lyuing *Bedford* was,
Encloſing thee in this immortall toombe,
More durable then letter-grauen braſſe,
To ſhewe what thy great power could bring to paſſe,
And other hopes I vtterly refuſe,
And thou my hope, my Lady, and my Muſe.

Your Honors euer
deuoted ſeruaunt

Michaell Drayton.

To the right Honorable Lady, *Lucie* Counteſſe of Bedford.

WHen God this wondrous Creature did create,
This euer-mouing body, this huge weight,
VVhoſe head, whoſe lofty head high ſituate,
Is crown'd with ſtarrs & conſtellations bright.
Hee cauſd the ſame one certaine way to moue,
VVhich moouing (ſome ſay) doth ſweet tunes beget,
Another way the Sunne and Planets proue,
For they from thence moue where the ſun doth ſet;
Yet he the Pole-ſtar, *Cynoſura* cleere,
Cauſd ſteddily to ſtand, though heauen did gyre,
For an example to mens actions heere:
Madam, you are the ſtarre of his deſire;
VVhilſt hee his thoughts heauen moues, ô gracious bee,
And wonders in your Creature you ſhall ſee.

Your honors and eternities
Humble, *E. B.*

Mortimeriados.

THE lowring heauen had mask'd her in a clowde,
Dropping ſad teares vpon the ſullen earth,
Bemoning in her melancholly ſhrowde,
The angry ſtarres which raign'd at *Edwards* birth,
VVith whoſe beginning ended all our mirth.
Edward the ſecond, but the firſt of ſhame,
Scourge of the crowne, eclipſe of Englands fame.

VVhilſt in our blood, ambition hotely boyles,
The Land bewailes her, like a wofull Mother,
On euery ſide beſieg'd with ciuill broyles,
Her deereſt chyldren murthering one another,
Yet ſhee in ſilence forc'd her griefe to ſmother:
Groning with paine, in trauaile with her woes,
And in her torment, none to helpe her throwes.

VVhat care would plot, diſcention ſtriues to croſſe,
VVhich like an earthquake rents the tottering ſtate;
Abroade in warres we ſuffer publique loſſe,
At home, betrayd with grudge and priuate hate,
Faction attending blood-ſhed and debate;
Confuſion thus our Countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall be her wounds.

Thou Church then ſwelling in thy mightines,
Thou which ſhould'ſt be this poore ſick bodyes ſoule,
O nurſe not factions which ſhould'ſt ſinne ſuppreſſe,
And with thy members ſhould'ſt all griefe condole,
Perſwade thy hart and not thy head controle;
Humble thy ſelfe, diſpence not with the word,
Take *Peters* keyes, but caſt aſide his ſword.

The ragefull fire which burnt *Carnaruans* breſt,
Blowne with reuenge of *Gaueſtons* diſgrace,
Awakes the Barrons from their nightly reſt,
And maketh way to giue the *Spenſers* place,
VVhoſe friendſhip *Edward* onely doth embrace;
By whoſe alurements he is fondly led,
To leaue his Queene, and flie his lawful bed.

This Planet ſtirr'd vp that tempeſtious blaſt
By which our fortunes Anchorage was torne,
The ſtorme where-with our ſpring was firſt defac'd,
VVhereby all hope vnto the ground was borne:
Hence came the griefe, the teares, the cauſe to mourne.
This bred the blemiſh which her beauty ſtaind,
VVhoſe vgly ſcarr's, to after-times remaind.

In all this heat his greatnes firſt began,
The ſerious ſubiect of my ſadder vaine,
Great *Mortimer*, the wonder of a man,
VVhoſe fortunes heere my Muſe muſt entertaine,
And from the graue his griefes muſt yet complaine,
To ſhew our vice nor vertues neuer die,
Though vnder ground a thouſand yeeres we lie.

Thys guſt firſt threw him on that bleſſed Coaſt
VVhich neuer age diſcouered before:
This luckie chaunce drew all King *Edward* loſt,
This ſhypwrack caſt the prize vpon his ſhore,
And thys all-drowning Deluge gaue him more;
From hence the ſunne of his good fortune ſhone,
The fatall ſtep, to *Edwards* fatall throne.

Roger Mortimer the vnckle, and Roger Mortimer the nephew.

That vnckle now, whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene,
And from his cradle held him as his care,
And still the hope of all his house had beene,
VVhilst yet this deep hart-goring wound is greene,
On this well-seene aduantage wisely wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

He saw his inclination from his birth,
A mighty spirit, a minde which did aspire;
Not of the drossy substance of the earth,
But of the purest element of fire,
VVhich sympathizing with his owne desire,
Name, nature, feature, all did so agree,
That still in him, himselfe he still might see.

The temper of his nobler moouing part,
Had that true tutch which purified his blood,
Infusing thoughts of honor in his hart,
VVhose flaggie feathers were not soyld in mud,
The edge he bare declar'd the mettall good;
The towring pitch wherein he flew for fame,
Declar'd the ayrie whence the Eagle came.

VVorthy

VVorthy the Grand-chyld of ſo great a ſier,
Braue *Mortimer* who liu'd whilſt *Long-ſhanks* raign'd,
Our ſecond *Arthur*, whom all times admire,
At *Kenelworth* the Table round ordayn'd,
And there in Armes, a hundreth Knights maintaind;
A hundreth gallant Ladies in his Court,
VVhoſe ſtately preſence royaliz'd this ſport.

Roger Mortimer his Grand-father, who kept the roiall table at Kenelworth.

And whilſt this poore vvife-widdowed Queene alone,
In thys diſpayring paſsion pines away,
Beyond all hope, to all but heauen vnknowne,
A little ſparke which yet in ſecrete lay,
Breakes forth in flame, and turnes her night to day,
The wofull winter of her ſorrowes cheering,
Euen as the world at the faire Sunnes appearing.

Yet ſtill perplexed in theſe hard extreames,
All meanes depreſt which might her faith prefer,
Blacke foggs oppos'd in thoſe cleere-ſhining beames,
VVhich elſe might lend their friendly light to her,
This in her lookes direfull reuenge doth ſtir:
VVhich ſtrange eclipſe plac'd in this irefull ſigne,
Our Countries plague and ruine might diuine.

Her ſnowy curled brow makes anger ſmile,
Her laughing frowne giues beauty better grace,
Bluſhing diſdaine, diſdaine doth quite exile,
Sweet loue and ſilence wreſtling in her face,
Two capering *Cupids* in her eyes do chaſe;
Her veynes like tydes oft ſwelling with delight,
Making Vermilion faire, vvhite more then vvhite.

Her beauty floriſh'd whilſt her fauours fade,
Her hopes growne old, but her deſires be yong,
Her power wants power her paſsion to perſwade,
Her ſexe is weake, her will is ouer-ſtrong,
Patience pleades pitty, but reuenge her wrong;
VVhat reaſon vrgeth, rage doth ſtill denie,
VVith arguments of vvrathfull iealouſie.

Pale Iealouſie, child of inſatiate loue,
Of hart-ſick thoughts with melancholie bred,
A hell-tormenting feare no faith can moue,
By diſcontent with deadly poyſon fed,
VVith heedleſſe youth and error vainely led,
A mortall plague, a vertue-drowning flood,
A helliſh fire, not quenched but with blood.

The hate-ſwolne Lords with furie ſet on fire,
VVhom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke,
VVith *Lancaſter* and *Herford* now conſpire,
No more to beare the *Spenſers* ſeruile yoke,
The bonds of their alegiance they haue broke:
Reſolu'd with blood theyr libertie to buy,
To liue with honor, or with fame to dye.

Amid thys faction *Mortimer* doth enter,
The gaſtly Prologue to thys tragick act:
His youth and courage boldly bids him venter,
And tells him ſtill how ſtrongly he was backt:
Synon perſwades howe *Illion* might be ſackt;
The people ſtill applauding in his eares,
The fame and credite of the *Mortimers*.

Thys vapor-kindled Commet drew her eyes,
VVhich now began his ſtreamie flagge to reare;
This beauty-bluſhing orient of his riſe,
Her clowdy frownes doth with his brightnes cleare,
The ioyfull'ſt ſight that euer did appeare;
The meſſenger of light, her happy ſtarre,
VVhich told her now the dawning was not farre.

As after pale-fac'd Night, the Morning fayre
The burning Lampe of heauen doth once erect,
VVith her ſweet Crimſon ſanguining the ayre,
On euery ſide with ſtreakie dappl's fleckt,
The circled roofe in white and Azure deckt,
Such colour to her cheekes theſe newes do bring,
VVhich in her face doth make a ſecond ſpring.

Yet trembling at the *Spenſers* Lordly power,
Their wrongs, oppreſsion, and controling pride,
Th'vnconſtant Barrons, wauering euery houre,
The fierce encounter of this raging tyde,
No ſtratagem yet ſtrongly policied;
Shee from ſuſpition ſeemingly retyers,
Careleſſe in ſhew of what ſhe moſt deſires.

Grounded aduice, in danger ſeldom trips,
The deadlieſt poyſon, skill can ſafely drinke,
Fore-ſight ſtands faſt, where giddy raſhnes ſlips,
VViſdome ſeemes blinde, when eyed as a Linxe
Preuention ſpeaketh all but what he thinks;
The deadlieſt hate, with ſmyles ſecurely ſtands,
Reuenge in teares doth euer waſh his hands.

Loe,

Loe for her ſafetie this ſhee muſt deſemble,
A benefite which women haue by kind,
The neereſt colour finely to reſemble,
Suppreſsing thus the greatnes of her mind,
Now is ſhee ſhrowded cloſely vnder wind,
And at her prayers (poore ſoule) ſhee plainly ment,
A ſilly Queene, a harmeleſſe innocent.

The leaſt ſuſpition cunningly to heale,
Still in her lookes humilitie ſhee beares,
VVith patience ſhe with mightines muſt deale,
So policie religions habite weares,
He's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares.
This knew the Queene, and this well know the wiſe,
This muſt they learne, which toyle in Monarchies.

Torlton the learnedſt Prelate in the Land,
Vpon a text of politicks to preach,
Car'd not on *Paules* preciſer poynts to ſtand,
Poore Moralls to beleeuing men to teach,
For he at Kingdomes had a further reach:
This learned Tutor, *Iſabell* had taught,
In nicer poynts then euer *Edward* ſought.

Adam Torlton Biſhop of Herford, a mighty polititian.

Now in meane time, the ſmothered flame brake forth,
The *Mortimers* march from the vveſterne playne,
The Lords in armes at *Pomfret* in the North,
The King from *London*, comes with might and mayne,
Their factious followers in the ſtreetes are ſlayne.
No other thing is to be hop'd vpon,
But horrour, death, and deſolation.

Like as *Sabrina* from the Ocean flancks,
Comes ſweeping in along the tawny ſands,
And with her billowes tilting on the bancks,
Rowles in her flood vpon the weſterne ſtrands,
Stretching her watrie armes along the lands,
VVith ſuch great furie doe theſe legions ryſe,
Filling the ſhores with lamentable cryes.

Thus of three hands, they all ſet vp theyr reſt,
And at the ſtake their liues they franckly lay,
Hee's like to winne who cuts his dealing beſt,
And for a Kingdome at the leaſt they play,
The fayr'ſt in ſhow muſt carrie all away;
And though the King himſelfe in ſequence came,
He ſawe the Queene lay right to make his game.

But Fortune masking in this ſtraunge diſguiſe,
VVhoſe prodigie, whoſe monſter he was borne,
Now in his lyfe her power, t'anotomize,
Ordayning him her darïing and her ſcorne,
His Tragedie her triumph to adorne.
Shee ſtraight begins to bandy him about,
At thouſand ods before the ſet goes out.

As when we ſee the ſpring-begetting Sunne,
In heauens black night-gowne couered from our ſight,
And when he yet, but fewe degrees hath runne,
Some fennie fogge damps vp his gladſome light,
That at his noon-ſted he may ſhine more bright.
His cheerefull morning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his day more fayre, more glorious.

Edward whom daunger warnd to dread the worſt,
Vnto the hart with poyſned ranckor ſtung,
Now for his crowne muſt ſcuffle if he durſt,
Or elſe his ſcepter in the duſt were flung,
To ſtop the head from which theſe miſchiefes ſprung.
Firſt with the *Marchers* thinks it fit to cope,
On whom he knew lay all the Barrons hope.

Like to a vvhirle-wind comes this irefull King,
VVhoſe preſence ſoone the *VVelchmens* power had ſtaid,
The *Cornish* yet theyr forces fayld to bring,
And *Lancaſter* too ſlacke forſlow'd theyr ayd,
Faynt-harted friends, their ſuccours long delayd.
Depriu'd of meanes, forlorne of farther good,
And wanting ſtrength to ſtem ſo great a flood.

They vvho perceiu'd, their truſt was thus betrayd,
Their long expected purpoſe thus to quayle,
How miſchiefe ſtill vpon their fortune playd,
That they perforce their high-borne top muſt vayle,
This ſtorme ſtill blew ſo ſtifly on their ſayle.
Of *Edwards* mercy now the depth muſt ſound,
VVhere yet their Ankor might take hold on ground.

This tooke the King in preſage of his good,
VVho this euent to his ſucceſſe apply'd,
VVhich coold the furie of his boyling blood,
Before their force in armes he yet had try'd,
His ſterne approch this eaſely molified
That on ſubmiſsion he diſmiſt theyr power,
And ſends them both as priſoners to the Tower.

Nor

Not cowardize but wiſedome warnes to yield,
VVhen Fortune aydes the proud inſulting foe,
Before diſhonour euer blot the field;
VVhere by aduantage hopes agayne may growe,
VVhen as too weake to beare ſo great a blowe:
That whilſt his pittie pardons them to liue,
To his owne wrongs he full reuenge might giue.

LOe now my Muſe muſt ſing of dreadfull Armes,
And taske her ſelfe to tell of ciuill vvarres,
Of Ambuſcados, ſtratagems, alarmes,
Of murther, ſlaughter, monſtrous Maſſacarres,
Of blood, of wounds, of neuer-healed ſcarres,
Of battailes fought by brother againſt brother,
The Sonne and Father one againſt the other.

O thou great Lady, Miſtris of my Muſe,
Renowned *Lucie*, vertues trueſt frend,
VVhich doeſt a ſpyrit into my ſpyrit infuſe,
And from thy beames the light I haue doſt lend,
Into my verſe thy lyuing power extend.
O breathe new lyfe to write this Tragicke ſtorie,
Aſsiſt me now braue *Bedford* for thy glorie.

VVhilſt in the Tower the *Mortimers* are mew'd,
The Barrons drew their forces to a head,
VVhom *Edward* (ſpurd with vengeance) ſtill purſu'd
By *Lancaſter* and famous *Herford* led,
Toward eithers force, forth-with both Armies ſped.
urton vpon rent. At *Burton* both in camping for the day,
VVhere they muſt trye who beares the ſpurres away.

eedwood. Vpon the Eaſt from buſhie *Needwoods* ſide,
There riſeth vp an eaſie clyming hill,
At whoſe fayre foote the ſiluer *Trent* doth ſlide,
And all the ſhores with ratling murmure fill,
VVhoſe tumbling waues the flowrie Meadowes ſwill,
Vpon whoſe ſtreame a Bridge of wondrous ſtrength,
Doth ſtretch her ſelfe, neere fortie Arches length.

Vpon this mount the King his Tents hath fixt,
And in the Towne the Barrons lye in ſight,
This famous Ryuer riſen ſo betwixt,
VVhoſe furie yet prolong'd this deadly fight,
The paſſage ſtopp'd, not to be wonne by might.
Things which preſage both good and ill there bee,
VVhich heanen fore-ſhewes, yet will not let vs ſee.

The raging flood hath drownd vp all her foards,
Sok'd in exceſſe of cloud-congealed teares,
And ſteepes the bancks within her watrie hoards,
Supping the whir-pooles from the quaggie mears,
Now doth ſhee waſhe her treſſed ruſhie hayrs.
Swolne with the dropſie in her grieued woombe,
That this her channell muſt become a Toombe.

O warlike Nation hold thy conquering hand,
Euen ſenceleſſe things doe warne thee yet to pawſe,
Thy Mother ſoyle on whom thy feete doe ſtand,
O then infrindge not Natures ſacred lawes,
Still runne not headlong into miſchiefes iawes:
Yet ſtay thy foote in murthers vgly gate,
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance oft too late.

And can the cloudes weepe ouer thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughtie eyes?
Seeſt thou the ſnare yet wilt not ſhunne the way,
Nor yet be warn'd, by paſſed miſeries?
Or ere too late, yet learne once to be wiſe.
A miſchiefe ſeene, may eaſely be preuented,
But beeing hap'd, not help'd, yet ſtill lamented.

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbots, Bears,
The Badges of your famous anceſtries,
And ſhall they now by their inglorious heyrs:
Be thus diſplayd againſt their families?
Reliques vnworthie of theyr progenies.
Thoſe Beaſtes you beare doe in their kinds agree
And then thoſe Beaſts more ſauage will you bee?

Cannot the *Scot* of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are you yet ſcarce healed of the ſore?
Is't not inough you haue already loſt,
But your owne madnes now muſt make it more?
Your VViues and Children pittied you before.
But when your own blood, your own ſwords imbrue,
VVho pitties them, which once haue pittied you?

VVhat, ſhall the Siſter weepe her Brothers death,
VVho ſent her Husband to his timeleſſe graue?
The Nephewe moane his Vnckles loſſe of breath,
VVhich did his Father of his lyfe depraue?
VVho ſhall haue mind your memories to ſaue?
Or ſhall he buriall to his friend afford,
VVho lately put his Sonne vnto the ſword?

But whilſt the King, and Lords in counſell ſit,
Yet in concluſion variably doe houer,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit:
Such as were ſent the Country to diſcouer,
Haue found a way to land their forces ouer.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the winde doth goe,
Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

And *Edward* fearing *Lancaſters* ſupplyes,
Great *Surry*, *Richmond*, and his *Pembrooke* ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſſe his chiefeſt hope relyes,
Vnder whoſe conduct halfe his Armie went,
And he himſelfe, and *Edmond* Earle of Kent,
Vpon the hill in ſight of *Burton* lay,
VVatching to take aduantage of the day.

Stay *Surry* ſtay, thou maiſt too ſoone begon;
Stay till this rage be ſome-what ouer-paſt,
VVhy runn'ſt thou thus to thy deſtruction?
Pembrooke and *Richmond*, whether doe you haſt?
Neuer ſeeke ſorrow, for it comes too faſt.
VVhy ſtriue you thus to paſſe this fatall flood,
To fetch new wounds, and ſhed your neereſt blood?

Great *Lancaſter*, ſheath vp thy conquering ſword,
On *Edwards* Armes, whoſe edge thou ſhould'ſt not whet;
Thy naturall Nephew, and thy ſoueraigne Lord,
Both one, one blood, and both *Plantaginet*.
Canſt thou thy oth to *Longshanks* thus forget?
Yet call to minde, before all other things,
Our vowes muſt be perform'd to Gods and Kings.

Knowe, noble Lord, it better is to end,
Then to proceed in things raſhly begun:
VVhich oft ill counſeld worſer doe offend,
Speech hath obtaind, where weapons haue not won;
By good perſwaſion what cannot be done?
And when all other hopes and helps be paſt,
Then fall to Armes, but let that be the laſt.

The winds are huſht, no little breth doth blow,
The calmed ayre as all amazed ſtood,
The earth with roring trembleth below,
The Sunne beſmear'd his glorious face in blood,
The fearfull Heards bellowing as they were wood:
The Drums and Trumpets giue a ſignall ſound,
VVith ſuch a noyſe as they had torne the ground.

The Earles now charging with three hundred horſe,
The Kings vantgard aſſay the Bridge to win,
Forcing the Barrons to deuide their force,
T'auoyde the preſent danger they were in:
Neuer till now the horror doth begin;
That if th'elements our ſuccour had not ſought,
All had that day beene to confuſion brought.

Now frõ the hill the Kings maine power comes downe,
VVhich had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Herford* from the towne,
Doe iſſue forth vpon the other ſide:
The one aſſailes, the other munified.
Englands Red croſſe vpon both ſides doth flye,
Saint *George* the King, Saint *George* the Barrons cry.

Aquary a notable ſouldier.

Euen as a buſtling tempeſts rouzing blaſts,
Vpon a Forreſt of old-branched Oakes,
Downe vpon heapes their climing bodies caſts,
And with his furie teyrs their moſſy loaks,
The neighbour groues reſounding with the ſtroaks,
VVith ſuch a clamor and confuſed woe,
To get the Bridge theſe deſperate Armies goe.

Now muſt our famous and victorious bowes,
VVith which our Nation Kingdoms did ſubdue,
Firſt ſend their darting arrowes againſt thoſe
VVhoſe ſinewed armes againſt their foes them drew;
Theſe winged weapons, mourning as they flew,
Cleaue to the ſtrings, with very terror ſlack,
As to the Archers they would faine turne back.

The battered Caskes, with Battel-Axes ſtrokes,
Beſnow the ſoyle with drifts of ſcattered plumes,
The trampling preſſe ſtirre vp ſuch duskie ſmokes
VVhich choke the ayre with reekie ſmothering fumes,
VVhich riſing vp, into a clowde conſumes;
As though the heauen had muffled her in black,
Lothing to ſee this lamentable ſack.

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* famous ſtocke,
Laying on blowes as Smithes on Anuiles ſtrike,
Grappling together in this fearfull ſhock,
The like preſſe forth, t'incounter with the like,
And then reculing to the puſh of pyke:
Yet not a foote doth eyther giue to eyther,
Now one the ods, then both alike, then neither.

Euen as you ſee a field of ſtanding Corne,
VVhen in faire Iune ſome eaſie gale doth blow,
How vp and downe the ſpyring eares are borne,
And with the blaſts like Billowes come and goe,
As golden ſtreamers wauing to and fro,
Thus on the ſuddaine runne they on amaine,
Then ſtraight by force are driuen backe againe.

Heer lyes a heap, halfe ſlaine, halfe chok'd, halfe drownd,
Gaſping for breth amongſt the ſlymie ſeggs,
And there a ſort falne in a deadly ſwound,
Scrawling in blood vpon the muddy dreggs:
Heere in the ſtreame, ſwim bowels, armes and leggs.
One kills his foe, his braine another cuts,
Ones feet intangled in anothers guts.

One his owne hands in his owne blood defiles,
Another from the Bridges height doth fall,
Some daſh'd to death vpon the ſtony pyles,
Some in theyr gore vpon the pauement ſprall,
The carkaſſes lye heaped like a wall:
Such hideous ſhrecks the bedlam Souldiers breath,
As though the Spirits had howled from beneath.

The mangled bodies diuing in the ſtreame,
Now vp, now downe, like tumbling Porpoſe ſwim,
The water couer'd with a bloody creame,
To the beholder horrible and grim:
Heere lies a head, and there doth lye a lym;
VVhich in the ſands the ſwelling waters ſouſe,
That all the ſhores ſeeme like a ſlaughter-houſe.

It ſeem'd the very wounds for griefe did weepe,
To feele the temper of the ſlicing blade,
The ſenceleſſe ſteele in blood it ſelfe did ſteepe,
To ſee the wounds his ſharpe-ground edge had made,
VVhilſt kinſman, kinſman, friend, doth friend inuade,
Such is the horror of theſe ciuill broyles,
VVhen with our blood, we fat our natiue ſoyles.

This faction ſtill defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *VVoodſtock*, famous Earle of Kent,
Charging the foe againe renewes the fight,
Vpon the Barrons forces almoſt ſpent,
VVho now againe ſupplying ſuccours ſent.
And now a ſecond conflict doth begin,
The Engliſh Lords like Tygars flying in.

Like as an exhalation hote and dry,
Amongst the ayre-bred moyſtie vapors throwne,
Spetteth his lightning forth outragiously,
Renting the thick clowdes with a thunder-ſtone,
As though the huge all-couering heauen did grone,
Such is the garboyle of this conflict then;
Braue Engliſhmen, encountring Engliſhmen.

Euen as proude *Pyrrhus* entring *Ilion*,
Couragious *Talbot* with his ſhield him bare,
Clifford and *Monbray*, ſeconding anon,
Audley and *Gifford* thrunging for their ſhare,
Elmbridge and *Balſmen* in the thickeſt are:
Pell-mell together flyes this furious power,
Like to the falling of ſome mighty Tower.

Mountfort and *Teis*, your worths faine would I ſpeake,
But that your valure can but ill deſerue,
Braue *Denuile*, heere I from thy prayſe muſt breake,
And from thy prayſes *Villington* muſt ſwarue,
Great *Damory*, heere muſt thy glory ſtarue;
Concealing many, moſt deſeruing blame,
Becauſe their acts doe quench my ſacred flame.

O that thoſe Armes in conqueſts had been borne,
And that, that battered fame-engrauen ſhield,
Should in thoſe ciuill maſſacres be torne
VVhich bare the marks of many a bloody field:
O that our armes had power their Armes to weeld.
That ſince that time, the ſtones for very dreed,
Againſt foule ſtormes could teary moiſture ſheed.

O had you ſhap'd your values firſt by them
VVho ſummon'd *Akon* with an Engliſh drum,
Or marched on to faire *Ieruſalem*,
T'inlarge the bounds of famous Chriſtendome,
Or with Chriſts warriors ſlept about his toombe,
Then ages had immortaliz'd your fame,
VVhere now my ſong can be but of your ſhame.

Death following on, feare euer in their eyes,
Grieued with wounds, the conquered Barrons fled,
And now the King enrich'd with victories,
Hath in the field his glorious Enſignes ſpred,
This in his thoughts againe freſh courage bred,
And ſomwhat drawes th'vnconſtant peoples harts,
VVho equall peyz'd, yet way'd to neither parts.

And wanting ground, they vnresolued are,
King *Edwards* friends, agaynst the rebels cry;
The Barrons plead their Countries onely care,
Exclayming on the Princes tyrannie,
Hee vrg'd obedience, they their libertie.
Both vnder colour, carefull of the state,
Hee right, and they their wrongs expostulate.

Some fewe them selues in Sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of the priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodyes so vnsanctifide,
As scarce their soules can euer hope for grace,
A poore dead lyfe, this draweth out a space.
Hate stands without, and horror sits within,
Prolonging shame, yet pard'ning not their sinne.

At fatall *Pomfret* gathering head at length,
VVhen they of all extreamities had tasted,
VVhere yet before they could recouer strength,
King *Edward* followeth whilst his fortune lasted,
Vnto whose ayde the Earle of *Carlell* hasted.
VVith troupes of bow-men and ranck-riding bands,
Of *VVestmer*, *Cumber*, and *Northumberlands*.

Mad and amaz'd, nor knowing what to doe,
Surpriz'd by this late miſchieuous euent,
Seeing at hand their vtter ouerthrowe,
And in deſpight how croſſely all things went,
Fortune her ſelfe to their deſtruction bent;
In all diſorder head-long on they runne,
To end with blood, what was with blood begunne.

Lyke as a heard of ſilly hartleſſe Deare,
VVhom hote-ſpurd Huntſmen fiercely doe purſue,
In brakes and buſhes falling heere and there,
Yet when no way the hounds they can eſchew,
Now flying back from whence of late they flew,
Hem'd on each ſide with hornes rechating blaſt,
Head-long them ſelues into the toyles doe caſt.

To *Borough* bridge by fate appoynted thus,
VVhere lyke falſe *Raynard*, falſer *Herckley* lay,
Bridges to Barrons euer ominous,
There to renewe this lateſt deadly fray,
O heere begins the blackeſt diſmall day,
The birth of horror, hower of wrath that yet,
The very ſoyle ſeemes to remember it.

Heere is not Death contented with the dead,
Nor vengeance is with vengeance satisfied,
Blood-shed by blood-shed still is nourished,
And mischiefe meanes no more her store to hide,
Strange sorts of torments heauen doth now prouide,
That dead men should in miserie remayne,
And in lyuing death should dye with payne.

Thus rules the world, a world why sawe I so,
VVorst is the world, yet worser must I name it,
Nights vgli'st night, hells bitter'st hell of woe,
So ill as slaunder neuer can defame it,
That shame her selfe is sham'd, seeking to shame it,
Could enuie speake, what enuie can expresse,
In saying most, that most should make it lesse.

Heere noble *Herford*, *Bohun* breathes his last,
Crowne of true Knight-hood, flower of Chiualrie,
But *Lancaster* their torment liues to tast,
VVho perrish now with endlesse obloquie,
O vanquisht conquest, loosing victorie,
That where the sword for pittie leaues to spill,
There extreame iustice should begin to kill.

Bohun slain at Borogh.

O ſubiect for ſome tragick Muſe to ſing,
Of fiue great Earledomes at one time poſſeſt,
Sonne, Vnckle, Brother, Grandchild to a King,
VVith fauours, friends, and earthly honours bleſt,
But ſee on earth, heere is no place of reſt.
Theſe Fortunes gyfts, and ſhe to ſhew her power,
Takes lyfe, and theſe, and all within an hower.

Thomas the great Earle of Lancaſter.

A

The wretched Mother tearing of her hayre,
Bewayles the time this fatall warre begunne,
Lyke graue-borne goſts, amaz'd and mad with feare,
To view the quartered carkaſſe of her Sonne,
VVith hideous ſhreeks through ſtreetes & wayes doth runne.
And ſeeing none to help, none heare her crye,
Some drownd, ſome ſtab'd, ſome ſtarud, ſome ſtrangled die.

Lyke gaſtly death the aged Father ſtands,
VVeeping his Sonne, bemoning of his vvife,
Shee murthered by her owne blood-guiltie hands,
Hee ſlaughtered by the executioners knife,
Sadly ſits downe to ende his hatefull life;
Banning the earth, and curſing at the ayre,
Vpon his poyniard falleth in diſpayre.

The wofull widdowe for her Lord diſtreſt,
VVhoſe breathleſſe body cold death doth benum,
Her little Infant leaning on her breaſt,
Rings in her eares, when will my Father come?
Doth wiſh that ſhe were deafe, or it were dombe.
Clipping each other, weeping both togeather,
Shee for her Lord, the poore babe for his Father.

The ayre is poyſned with the dampie ſtinck,
VVhich moſt contagious peſtilence doth breed,
The glutted earth her fill of gore doth drinck,
VVhich from vnburied bodies doth proceede,
Rauens and dogs on dead men onely feede;
In euery Coaſt thus doe our eyes behold,
Our ſinnes by iudgement of the heauens controld.

Lyke as a VVolfe returning from the foyle,
Hauing full ſtuft his fleſh-engorged panch,
Tumbles him downe to wallowe in the foyle,
VVith cooling breath his boyling mawe to ſtanch,
Scarce able now to mooue his luſtleſſe hanch.
Thus after ſlaughter *Edward* breathleſſe ſtood,
As though his ſword had ſurfeted with blood.

Heere endeth life, yet heere death cannot end,
And heere begins, what *Edwards* woes begun,
Nor his pretence, falls as he doth pretend,
Nor hath he wone, what he by battell wone,
All is not done, though almoſt all vndone,
VVhilſt power hath raign'd, ſtill policie did lurke,
Seldome doth mallice want a meane to worke.

The King now by the conquering Lords conſent,
VVho by this happie victorie grew ſtrong,
Summons at *Yorke* a preſent Parliament,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spenſers* wrong,
From whence agayne his minions greatnes ſprung,
VVhoſe counſell ſtill, in all their actions croſt,
Th'inraged Queene whom all misfortunes toſt.

But miſeries which ſeldome come alone,
Thicke in the necks, one of another fell,
Meane while the *Scots* heere make inuaſion,
And *Charles* of *France* doth thence our powers expell,
The grieued Commons more and more rebell.
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
Plague after plague, and worſe enſueth worſe.

For *Mortimer* this wind yet rightly blewe,
Darckning their eyes which elſe perhaps might ſee,
VVhilſt *Iſabell* who all aduantage knewe,
Is cloſely plotting his deliuerie,
Now fitly drawne by *Torltons* policie:
Thus by a Queene, a Biſhop, and a Knight,
To check a King, in ſpight of all diſpight.

A drowſie potion ſhee by skill hath made,
VVhoſe ſecret working had ſuch wonderous power,
As could the ſence with heauie ſleepe inuade,
And mortifie the patient in one hower,
As though pale death the body did deuower;
Nor for two dayes might opened be his eyes,
By all meanes Arte or Phiſicke could deuiſe.

Thus ſits this great Enchauntreſſe in her Cell,
Inuironed with ſpyrit-commaunding charmes,
Her body cenſed with moſt ſacred ſmell,
VVith holy fiers her liquors now ſhee warmes,
Then her with ſorcering inſtruments ſhe armes.
And from her hearbs the powerfull iuyce ſhe wrong,
To make the poyſon forcible and ſtrong.

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And from her hearbs the powerfull iuyce ſhe wrong,
To make the poyſon forcible and ſtrong.

Reaſon might iudge, doubts better might aduiſe,
And as a woman, feare her hand haue ſtayd,
VVaying the ſtrangeneſſe of the interprize,
The daunger well might haue her ſex diſmayd,
Fortune, diſtruſt, ſuſpect, to be betrayd;
But when they leaue of vertue to eſteeme,
They greatly erre which thinke them as they ſeeme.

Their plighted fayth, when as they liſt they leaue,
Their loue is cold, their luſt, hote, hote their hate,
VVith ſmiles and teares theſe Serpents doe deceaue,
In their deſires they be inſatiate,
Their will no bound, and their reuenge no date.
All feare exempt, where they at ruine ayme,
Couering their ſinne with their diſcouered ſhame.

Medea pittifull in tender yeares,
Vntill with *Iaſon* ſhe would take her flight,
Then mercileſſe her Brothers lymmes ſhe teares,
Betrayes her Father, flyes away by night,
Nor Nations, Seas, nor daungers could affright;
VVho dyed with heate, nor could abide the wind,
Now like a Tigar falls vnto her kind.

Now waits the Queene fitt'ſt time, as might behoue,
Their ghoſtly Father for their ſpeed muſt pray,
Their ſeruants ſeale theſe ſecrets vp with loue,
Their friends muſt be the meane, the guide, the way,
And he reſolue on whom the burthen lay;
This is the ſumme, the all, if this neglected,
Neuer againe were meane to be expected.

Thus, while hee liu'd a pryſoner in the Towre,
The Keepers oft with feaſts he entertaind,
VVhich as a ſtale, ſerues fitly at this howre,
The tempting bayte wher-with his hookes were traind,
A ſtately banquet now he had ordaind,
And after cates when they their thirſt ſhould quench,
He ſawc'd their wine with thys approoued drench.

And thus become the keeper of the kayes,
In ſteele-bound locks he ſafely lodg'd the Guard:
Then lurking forth by the moſt ſecret wayes,
Not now to learne his compaſſe by the Card,
VVith corded ladders which hee had prepard,
Now vp theſe proude aſpyring walls doth goe,
VVhich ſeeme to ſcorne they ſhould be maſtred ſo.

They ſoundly ſleepe, now muſt his wits awake,
A ſecond *Theſeus* through a hells extreames,
The ſonne of *Ioue*, new toyles muſt vndertake,
Of walls, of gates, of watches, woods, and ſtreames.
And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames:
For ere they wak'd out of this brainſick traunce,
He hopes to tell his noble ieſt in *Fraunce*.

The ſullen night in miſtie rugge is wrapp'd,
Powting the day had tarryed vp ſo long,
The Euening in her darkſome dungion clapp'd,
And in that place the ſwarty clowdes were hong,
Downe from the VVeſt the half-fac'd *Cynthia* flong
As ſhee had poſted forth to tell the Sonne,
VVhat in his abſence in her Court was done.

The glymmering ſtarr's like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the Clowdes as thieues doe ſtand to pry,
And through falſe loope-holes looking out a farre,
To ſee him skirmiſh with his deſtenie,
As they had held a counſell in the Sky,
And had before conſulted with the night,
Shee ſhould be darke, and they would hide their light.

In deadly ſilence all the ſhores are huſh'd,
Onely the Shreechowle ſounds to the aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,
As ſhee had done her beſt to hide the fault,
A little whiſpering moou'd within the vault,
Made with his tuching ſoftly as he went,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſay it furthered his intent.

This wondrous Queene, whom care from reſt had kept,
Now for his ſpeed to heauen holds vp her hands,
A thouſand thoughts within her boſome heap'd,
Now in her Cloſſet liſtning ſtill ſhe ſtands,
And though deuided as in ſundry ſtrands,
Yet abſent, preſent in deſires they bee,
For minds diſcerne, where eyes could neuer ſee.

Loe now he thinks he vaulteth in her ſight,
Still taking courage, ſtrengthned by her words,
Imagining ſhee ſported with delight,
To ſee his ſtrong armes ſtretch the tackling coards,
And oft a ſmyle vnto his toyle affords:
And when ſhee doubted danger, might her heare,
Call him her ſoule, her life, her *Mortimer*.

Nowe doth ſhee wooe the walls, intreat and kiſſe,
And then proteſts to memorize the place,
And to adorne it with a Piramis,
VVhoſe glory wrack of time ſhould not deface.
Then to the cord ſhee turnes her ſelfe a ſpace,
And promiſeth, if that ſhould ſet him free,
A ſacred relique it ſhould euer bee.

Shee ſaith, the ſmall clowds iſſuing from his breath,
Seaſond with ſweet from whence they lately came,
Should cleere the ayre from peſtilence and death,
And like *Promethian* life-begetting flame,
Pure bodies in the element ſhould frame;
And to what part of heauen they hapt to ſtray,
There ſhould they make another milkie way.

Attaind the top his tyred lymm's to breath,
Mounted in tryumph on his miſeries,
The gentle earth ſalutes him from beneath:
And couer'd with the comfortable skyes,
Lightned with beames of *Iſabella's* eyes,
Downe from the Turret deſperatly doth ſlide;
Now for a kingdome, Fortune be his guide.

As hee deſcends, ſo doe her eyes aſcend,
As feare had fixt them to behold his fall;
Then from the ſight, away her ſight doth bend,
VVhen chilly coldnes doth her hart appall,
Then out for helpe ſhee ſuddainly doth call;
Silent againe, watching if ought ſhould hap,
Her ſelfe might be the ground, his graue her lap.

Now doth ſhe court the gentle calmie ayre,
And then againe ſhee doth coniure the winde;
Now doth ſhe try to ſtop the night by prayer,
And then with ſpells the heauy ſence to binde;
Then by the burning Tapers ſhee diuinde;
Now ſhee intreats faire *Thames* that hee might paſſe
The *Helleſpont* where her *Leander* was.

The bruſhing murmure ſtills her like a ſong,
Yet fearing leaſt the ſtreame ſhould fall in loue,
Enuies the drops which on his treſſes hong,
Imagining the waues to ſtay him ſtroue;
And when the billowes with his breſt he droue,
Grieued there-with, ſhee turnes away her face,
Iealous leaſt hee the billowes ſhould embrace.

Shee likneth him to the transformed Bull,
VVhich curll'd the fayre flood with his Iuory flanck,
VVhen on his backe he bare the louely trull,
Floting along vnto the *Cretan* banck,
Comparing this to that lasciuious pranck,
And swears then hee, no other *Ioue* there were,
If shee *Europa* had been present there.

Thus seekes he life, encourag'd by his loue,
Yet for his loue his life he doth eschue,
Danger in him a deadly feare doth moue,
And feare enuits him danger to pursue,
Rage stirr's reuenge, reuenge doth rage renue:
Danger and feare, rage and reuenge at strife,
Life warr's with loue, and loue contends with life.

Thys angry Lyon hauing slypp'd his chayne,
Now like a Quartain, makes King *Edward* quake,
VVho knew too well, ere he was caught againe,
Some of his flock his bloody thirst must slake,
And vnawares intangled in this brake,
Sawe further vengeance hanging in the wind,
Knowing too well, the greatnes of his mind.

Thus

Thys once againe the world begins to worke,
Theyr hopes (at length) vnto thys iſſue brought,
VVhilſt yet the Serpent in his Den doth lurke,
Of whom God knowes, the King full little thought,
The inſtrument which theſe deuiſes wrought.
For ther's no treaſon woundeth halfe ſo deepe,
As that which doth in Princes boſoms ſleepe.

Now muſt the Cleargie ſerue them for a cloke,
The Queene her ſtate vnto the time muſt fit,
But tis the Church-man which muſt ſtrike the ſtroke,
Now muſt thys Prelate ſhew a ſtateſmans wit,
They caſt the plot, and *March* muſt manage it;
They both at home together lay on load,
And he the Agent to effect abroad.

VVho ſweetly tunes his well-perſwading tong,
In pleaſing muſick to the French-kings ears,
The ſad diſcourſe of *Iſabellas* wrong,
VVith tragick action forcing ſilent tears,
Mooving to pitty euery one that hears,
That by diſcouery of thys foule reproch,
Old miſchiefes ſo, might new be ſet abroch.

VVhilſt

VVhilſt they are tempring in theſe home-bred iarres,
How for the *Scot* fit paſſage might be made,
To lay the ground of theſe ſucceſſull warrs,
That hope might giue him courage to inuade,
And from the King the Commons to perſwade;
That whilſt at home his peace he would aſſure,
His further plague in *Fraunce* he might procure.

Bytheſe reports, all circumſtances knowne,
Sounds *Charles* of *Fraunce* into the liſts againe,
To ceaze on *Guyen* by Armes to clayme his owne,
VVhich *Edward* doth vnlawfully detaine,
Homage for *Pontieu*, and for *Aquitaine*,
Reuoking this diſhonorable truce,
Vrg'd by his wrongs, and *Iſabels* abuſe.

The ſpirits thus rayz'd which haunt him day and night,
And on his fortune heauen doth euer lower,
Danger at hand, and miſchiefe ſtill in ſight,
Ciuill ſedition weakning ſtill his power,
No eaſe of paine one minute in the hower:
T' intreat of peace with *Charles*, he now muſt ſend,
Elſe all his hopes in *Fraunce* were at an end.

Heere is the poynt wherein all poynts muſt end,
VVhich muſt be handled with no meane regard,
The prop whereon this building muſt depend,
VVhich muſt by leuell curiouſlie be ſquard,
The cunningſt deſcant that had yet beene hard.
Heere cloſe conueyance muſt a meane prouide,
Elſe might the ambuſh eaſely be diſcride.

Or this muſt helpe, or nothing ſerues the turne,
This way, or no way, all muſt come about,
To blowe the fier which now began to burne,
Or tind the ſtrawe before the brand went out,
This is the lot which muſt reſolue the doubt,
To walke the path where *Edward* bears the light,
And take their ayme by leuell of his ſight.

This muſt a counſell ſeriouſly debate,
In graueſt iudgements fit to be diſcuſt,
Beeing a thing ſo much conſernes the ſtate,
Edward in this, muſt to their wiſedomes truſt,
No whit ſuſpecting but that all were iuſt.
Eſpecially the Church whoſe mouth ſhould be,
The Oracle of truth and equitie.

Torlton whoſe tongue, mens eares in chaines could tye,
VVhoſe words, euen like a thunderbolt could pearce,
And were alowd of more auᵭhoritie,
Then was the *Sibills* olde diuining verſe,
VVhich were of force a iudgement to reuerſe:
Now for the Queene, with all his power doth ſtand,
To lay this charge on her well-guiding hand.

VVhat helpes her preſence to the cauſe might bring,
Firſt as a wife, a ſiſter, and a mother,
A Queene to deale, betwixt a King, and King,
To right her ſonne, her husband, and her brother,
And each to her indifferent as the other:
VVhich colour ſerues to worke in theſe extreames,
That which (God knowes) King *Edward* neuer dreames,

Torlton is this thy ſpirituall pretence?
VVould God thy thoughts were more ſpirituall,
Or leſſe perſwaſiue were thy eloquence,
But ô thy actions are too temporall,
Thy reaſons ſubtill and ſophiſticall:
VVould all were true thy ſupoſition ſayth,
Thy arguments leſſe force, or thou more fayth.

Thus

Thus is the matter managed with skill,
To his deſires, their meanes thus to deuiſe,
To thruſt him on, to drawe them vp the hill,
That by his ſtrength, they might get power to riſe,
This great Archmaſter of all policies:
In the beginning wiſely had forcaſt,
How ere things went, which way they muſt at laſt.

VVith ſweeteſt hony, thus he baytes the ſnare,
And clawes the beaſt till he be in the yoke,
In golden cups he poyſon doth prepare,
And tickles where he meanes to ſtrike the ſtroke,
Giuing the bone whereas he meant to choke:
And by all helpes of Arte doth ſmooth the way,
To ſend his foe, downe head-long to decay.

Shee which thus fitly had both winde and tide,
And ſawe her paſſage ſerue the hower ſo right,
VVhilſt things thus fadge are quicke diſpatch applide,
To take her time whilſt yet the day is light,
VVho hath beene tyerd in trauell feares the night:
And finding all too much to change inclind,
And euery toy ſoone altering *Edwards* mind,

Her followers ſuch as frendleſſe elſe had ſtood,
Suppreſt and troden with the *Spenſers* pride,
VVhoſe howſes *Edward* branded had with blood,
And but with blood could not be ſatisfi'd,
VVho for reuenge did but the hower abide;
And knew all helpes, that miſchiefe could inuent,
To ſhake the ſtate, and further her intent.

Thus on the wronged, ſhe her wrongs doth reſt,
And vnto poyſon, poyſon doth applie,
Her ſelfe opreſt, to harden the opreſt,
And with a ſpye, to intercept a ſpye,
An Enemie, againſt an Enemie.
Hee that will gaine what policie doth heede,
By *Mercurie* muſt deale, or neuer ſpeede.

Now *Mortimer*, whoſe mayne was fully ſet,
Seeing by fortune all his hopes were croſt,
His ſtrugling ſtill how he againe might get,
That which before his diſaduantage loſt,
Not once diſmayd though in theſe tempeſts toſt:
Nor in affliction is he ouerthrowne,
To *Mortimer* all Countries are his owne.

Englands an Ile where all his youth he ſpent,
Enuiron'd valure in it ſelfe is drownd,
But now he liues within the continent,
VVhich being boundleſſe, honour hath no bound,
Here through the world, doth endleſſe glory ſound:
To fames rich treaſure Time vnlocks the dore,
VVhich angry Fortune had ſhut vp before.

VVhat wayes he of his wealth, our *VVigmore* left,
Let builded heapes, let Rocks and Mountaines ſtand,
Goods oft be held by wrong, firſt got by theft,
Birds haue the ayre, Fiſh water, Men the land,
Alcides pitch'd his pillers in the ſand.
Men looke vp to the ſtarres thereby to knowe,
As they doe progreſſe heauen, he earth ſhould doe.

Wigmore the ancient houſe of the Mortimers.

And to this end, did Nature part the ground,
Elſe had not man beene King vpon the Sea,
Nor in the depths her ſecrets had beene found,
If to all parts on firme had layne his way,
But ſhe to ſhewe him where her wonders lay:
To paſſe the floods, this meane for him inuents,
To trample on theſe baſer elements.

Neuer ſawe *France*, no neuer till this day,
A mind more great, more free, more reſolute,
Let all our *Edwards* ſay, what *Edwards* may,
Our *Henries*, *Talbot*, or our *Mountacute*,
To whom our royall conqueſts we impute:
That *Charles* him ſelfe, oft to the Peers hath ſworne,
This man alone, the Deſtinies did ſcorne.

Vertue can beare, what can on Vertue fall,
VVho cheapeneth honour, muſt not ſtand on price,
VVho beareth heauen (they ſay) can well beare all,
A yeelding mind doth argue cowardize,
Our haps doe turne as chaunces on the dice.
Nor neuer let him from his hope remoue,
That vnder him hath mould, the ſtarres aboue.

Let dull-braynd ſlaues contend for mud and earth,
Let blocks and ſtones, ſweat but for blocks and ſtones,
Let peaſants ſpeake of plenty and of dearth,
Fame neuer lookes ſo lowe as on theſe drones,
Let courage manage Empiers, ſit on thrones.
And he that Fortune at commaund will keepe,
He muſt be ſuer, he neuer let her ſleepe.

VVho wins her grace, muſt with atchiuements wooe her,
As ſhee is blind, ſo neuer had ſhee eares,
Nor muſt with puling eloquence goe to her,
Shee vnderſtands not ſighes, ſhe heares not prayers,
Flatterd ſhee flyes, controld ſhee euer feares;
And though a while ſhee nicely doe forſake it,
Shee is a woman, and at length will take it.

Nor neuer let him dreame once of a Crowne,
For one bad caſt, that will giue vp his game,
And though by ill hap he be ouerthrowne,
Yet let him manage her, till ſhee be tame,
The path is ſet with danger leads to fame:
VVhen *Minos* did the *Gracians* flight denie,
He made him wings, and mounted through the skie.

THE cheerefull morning cleeres her cloudie browes,
The vaporie miſts are all diſperſt and ſpred,
Now ſleepie Time his lazie lims doth rouze,
And once beginneth to hold vp his head,
Hope bloometh faire, whoſe roote was wel nere dead,
The clue of ſorrowe to the end is ronne,
The bowe appeares to tell the flood is donne.

Nature

Nature lookes backe to ſee her owne decay,
Commaunding age to ſlacke her ſpeedy pace,
Occaſion forth her golden loake doth lay,
VVhilſt ſorrowe paynts her wrinckle-withered face,
Day lengthneth day, and ioyes doe ioyes imbrace.
Now is ſhe comming yet till ſhe be heere,
My pen runnes ſlowe, each comma ſeemes a yeere.

She's now imbarck'd, ſlide billowes for her ſake,
VVhoſe eyes can make your aged *Neptune* yong,
Sweet Syrens from the chaulkie cleeus awake,
Rauiſh her eares with ſome inchaunting ſong,
Daunce the Lauoltos all the ſands along:
It is not *Venus* on your floods doth paſſe,
But one more fayre then euer *Venus* was.

You ſcalie Dolphins gaze vpon her eyes,
And neuer after with your kind make warre,
O ſteale the Muſicke from her lips that flyes,
VVhoſe accents like the tunes of Angels are,
Compard with whom *Arions* did but iarre.
Hugge them ſweet ayre, and when the Seas doe rage,
Vſe them as charmes thy tempeſts to aſwage.

Sweet

Sweet Sea-nymphs flock in ſholes vpon the ſhores,
Fraunce kiſſe thoſe feete whoſe ſteps thou firſt didſt guide,
Preſent thy Queene with all thy gorgious ſtore,
Now mayſt thou reuell in thy greateſt pride:
Shyp mount to heauen, and be thou ſtellified,
And next that ſtarr-fix'd Argoſie alone,
There take thou vp thy conſtellation.

Th' exceeding ioy conceued by the Queene,
Or his content, to them I leaue to geſſe
VVho but the ſubiect of their thoughts haue ſeene,
VVho I am ſure, if they the truth confeſſe,
VVill ſay that ſilence onely can expreſſe:
And when with honor ſhee fit time could take,
VVith ſweet embraces thus ſhee him beſpake.

O *Mortimer*, great *Mortimer* quoth ſhee,
VVhat angry power ſuch miſchiefe could deuiſe,
To ſeparate thy deereſt Queene and thee,
VVhom loues eternall vnion ſtrongly tyes?
But ſeeing thee, vnto my longing eyes
(Though guiltleſſe they,) this penance is aſsignd,
To gaze vpon thee vntill they be blind.

Sweet face, quoth ſhee, how art thou changed thus,
Since beauty on this louely front thou bor'ſt,
Like the yong Hunter freſh *Hipolitus*,
VVhen in theſe curles my fauors firſt thou wor'ſt?
Now like great *Ioue* thy *Iuno* thou ador'ſt;
The Muſes leaue theyr double-topped throne,
And on thy temples make theyr *Helicon*.

Come tell mee now what griefe and danger is,
Of paine and pleaſure in impriſonment,
At euery breath the poynt ſhal be a kiſſe,
VVhich can reſtore conſuming languiſhment,
A cordiall to comfort baniſhment;
And thou ſhalt find, that pleaſures long reſtraind,
Be farre more pleaſant when they once be gaind.

Now ſweeten all thy ſorrowes with delight,
Teach man-hood courtſhyp, turne theſe broyles to loue;
The day's nere ill that haſt a pleaſing night,
Ther's other warrs in hand, which thou muſt proue,
VVarrs which no blood ſhall ſhed, nor ſorrow moue:
And that ſweet foe of whom thou winn'ſt the day,
Shall crowne thy treſſes with tryumphant Bay.

And ſith that tyme our better eaſe aſſures,
Let ſolace ſit and rock thee on her breſt,
And let thy ſences ſay like Epicures,
Lets eate and drinke, and lay vs downe to reſt,
Like belly-Gods, to ſurfet at the feaſt;
Our day is cleere, then neuer doubt a ſhower,
Prince *Edward* is my ſonne, *England* my dower.

Poſſeſsing this ineſtimable Iem,
VVhat is there wanting to maintaine thy port?
Thy royall Miſtreſſe wears a Diadem,
Thy high-pitchd pyneons ſore beyond report,
I am thy *VVigmore*, *Fraunce* ſhall be thy Court;
How canſt thou want millions of Pearle and gold,
VVhen thou the Indies in thyne armes doſt hold?

Thou art King *Edward*, or opinion fayles,
Longshanks begot thee when in youth he rang'd,
Thou art *Carnarnan*, thou the Prince of *VVales*,
And in thy Cradle falſely thou wert chang'd,
Hee *Mortimer*, and thou haſt beene eſtrang'd:
Pardon me deere, what *Mortimer* ſayd I,
Then ſhould I loue him, but my tongue doth lie.

As Fortune hath created him a King,
Had Nature made him valiant as thou art,
My ſoule had not been tuch'd with torments ſting,
Nor hadſt thou now been plac'd ſo neere my hart;
But ſince by lot this falleth to thy part,
If ſuch haue wealth as lewdly will abuſe it,
Let thoſe enioy it who can better vſe it.

Except to heauen, my hopes can clime no hier;
Now in mine armes had I my little boy,
Then had I all on earth I could deſier,
The King's as he would be, God ſend him ioy,
Now with his mynions let him ſport and toy:
His lemman *Spenſer*, and himſelfe alone,
May ſit and talke of Miſtreſſe *Gaueſton*.

VVhen firſt I of that wanton King was woo'd,
VVhy camſt thou not vnto the Court of *Fraunce*?
Thou then aloneſhould'ſt in my grace haue ſtood,
O *Mortimer*, how good had been thy chaunce?
Then had I beene thine owne inheritance;
Now entreſt thou by force, and holds by might,
And ſo intrud'ſt vpon anothers right.

Honor that Idoll weomen ſo adore,
How many plagues haſt thou in ſtore to grieue vs,
VVhen in our ſelues we finde there yet is more
Then that bare word of maieſtie can giue vs?
VVhen of that comfort ſo thou canſt depriue vs,
VVhich with our ſelues oft ſett'ſt vs at debate,
And mak'ſt vs beggers in our greateſt ſtate.

Euen as a Trumpets liuely-ſounding voyce,
Tryps on the winds with many a dainty trick,
VVhen as the ſpeaking Ecchoes doe reioyce,
So much delighted with the rethorick,
Seeming to make the heauie dull ayre quick;
VVith ſuch rare muſick in a thouſand kayes,
Vpon his hart-ſtrings ſhee in conſort playes.

On thys foundation whilſt they firmely ſtand,
And as they wiſh, ſo fitly all things vvent,
No worſe their warrant, then King *Edwards* hand,
VVho his owne Bow to his deſtruction bent;
The courſe of things to fall in true conſent,
Giues full aſſurance of the happy end,
On which their thoughts now carefully attend.

And ſith in payment all for currant paſſe,
And theyr proceedings were allow'd for ſuch,
Although this peace againſt her ſtomack was,
And yet imports the Princes ſtrength ſo much,
To carry all things cleerly without tuch,
VVith ſeeming care doth ſeemingly effect,
VVhat loue commaunds, and greatnes ſhould reſpect.

Charles waying well his lawfull Nephews right,
So mighty an Embaſſador as ſhee,
This meane to winne her grace in *Edwards* ſight,
And ſo reclaime his vaine inconſtancie,
VVith kindnes thus to conquer all theſe three,
VVhat loue the ſubiects to his Siſter bore,
Heapes on deſert, to make this much the more.

Her expedition, and thys great ſucceſſe
Of after-good, ſtill ſeeming to deuine,
Carnaruan ſhould by couenant releaſe,
And to the Prince the Prouinces reſigne,
VVho dooing homage, ſhould reenter *Guyne*,
Safe-conduct ſent the King, to come with ſpeed,
To ſeale in perſon what the Queene decreed.

But whilſt he ſtood yet doubtfull what to doe,
The *Spenſers* who his counſels chiefely guide,
Nor with theyr Soueraigne into *Fraunce* durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide:
His liſtning eares with ſuch perſwaſions plyde,
As hee by them, to ſtay at home is wonne,
And with Commiſsion to diſpatch his Sonne.

Now till thys howre all ioyes inwombed lay,
And in this howre now came they firſt to light,
Ad dayes to Months, and howres vnto the day,
And as *Ioue* dyd, ſo make a treble night,
And whilſt delight is rauiſh'd with delight,
Swound in theſe ſweets, in pleaſures pleaſing paine,
And as they die, ſo brought to life againe.

Now Clowd-borne care, hence vaniſh for a time,
The Sunne aſcending, hath the yeere renew'd,
And as the Halkes in hoteſt Sotherne clime,
Their halfe-ſick hopes their crazed flags haue mew'd,
A world of ioyes their breſts doe now include,
The thoughts whereof, thoughts quicknes doth benum,
In whoſe expreſsion, pens and tongues be dumbe.

In fayre *Lauinium*, *Troy* is built againe,
And on thys ſhore her ruins are repard,
Nor *Iunos* hate ſuch vigor doth retaine,
The Fates appeas'd who with theyr fortune ſquard,
The remnant of the ſhypwrackt nauie ſpard,
Though torne with tempeſts, yet ariu'd at laſt,
May ſit and ſing, and tell of ſorrowes paſt.

If ſhee doe ſit, he leanes on *Cynthias* throne,
If ſhee doe walke, he in the circle went,
If ſhee doe ſport, he muſt be grac'd alone,
If ſhee diſcourſe, he is the argument,
If ſhee deuiſe, it is to his content:
From her proceeds the light he beares about him,
And yet ſhe ſets if once ſhee be without him.

Still with his eares his ſoueraigne Goddeſſe hears,
And with his eyes ſhee graciouſly doth ſee,
Still in her breaſt his ſecret thoughts ſhe bears,
Nor can her tongue pronounce an I, but vvee,
Thus two in one, and one in two they bee:
And as his ſoule poſſeſſeth head and hart,
Shee's all in all, and all in euery part.

Like as a well-tund Lute thats tucht with skill,
In Muſicks language ſweetly ſpeaking playne,
VVhen euery ſtring it ſelfe with ſound doth fill,
Taking their tones, and giuing them againe,
A diapazon heard in euery ſtrayne:
So their affections ſet in kayes ſo like,
Still fall in conſort, as their humors ſtrike.

Shee muſt returne, King *Edwards* will is ſo,
But ſoft a while, ſhee meaneth no ſuch thing,
He's not ſo ſwift, but ſhee is twice as ſlowe,
No haſt, but good, this meſſage backe to bring,
Another tune he muſt be taught to ſing:
VVhich to his hart more deadly is by far,
Then cryes of ghoſts, or Mandrakes ſhreekings are.

Stapleton who had beene of their counſell long,
Or woonne with gifts, or elſe of childiſh feare,
Or mou'd in conſcience with King *Edwards* wrong,
Or pittying him, or hate to them did beare,
Or of th'euent that now he did diſpaire:
This Biſhop backe from *Fraunce* to *Edward* flewe,
And knowing all diſcouered all he knewe.

The platforme of this enterprize disclosd,
And *Torltons* drift by circumstances found,
VVith what conueyance all things are disposd,
The cunning vsd in laying of the ground,
And vvith what Art, this curious trayle is woond:
Awakes the King, to see his owne estate,
VVhen to preuent, he comes a day too late.

Isabell the time doth still and still reiorne,
Charles as a Brother with perswasions deales,
Edward with threats, doth hasten her retorne,
Pope *Iohn*, with Bulls and curses hard assailes,
Perswasions, curses, threats, no whit preuailes:
Chales, *Edward*, *Iohn*, Pope, Princes, doe your worst,
The Queene fares best, when she the most is curst.

The *Spensers*, who the French-mens humors felt,
And with their Soueraigne, had deuisd the draught,
VVith Prince, and Peers, now vnder hand had delt,
In golden nets, who were alreadie caught,
And nowe King *Charles*, they haue so throughlie
That he with sums, too slightly ouerwaid, (wroughr:
Poore *Isabells* hopes, now in the dust are layd.

Thou

Thou baſe deſier, thou graue of all good harts,
Corſiue to kindnes, bawd to beaſtly will,
Monſter of time, defrauder of deſarts,
Thou plague, which doeſt both loue and vertue kill,
Honours abuſer, friendſhips greateſt ill:
If curſe in hell, there worſe then other bee,
I pray that curſe, may trebled light on thee.

Nor can all theſe amaze this mighty Queene,
VVho vvith affliction, neuer was controld,
Neuer ſuch courage in her ſex was ſeene,
Nor was ſhe caſt in other womens mould,
But can endure vvarres, trauell, want, and cold:
Strugling with Fortune, nere with greefe oppreſt,
Moſt cheerefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt,

Thus ſhe reſolu'd, to leaue vngratefull *France*,
And in the world her fortune yet to trye,
Chaunging the ayre, hopes time will alter chance,
As one whoſe thoughts with honors wings doe flye,
Her mighty mind, ſtill ſcorning miſerie:
Yet ere ſhe went, her greeued hart to heale,
Shee rings King *Charles*, this dolefull parting peale.

Is this the truſt I haue repos'd (quoth ſhee)
And to this end to thee my griefes haue told?
Is this the kindnes that thou offereſt mee?
And in thy Country am I bought and ſold?
In all this heate art thou become ſo cold?
Came I to *Fraunce* in hope to find a frend?
And now in thee haue all my hopes their end?

Phillip (quoth ſhee) thy Father neuer was,
But ſome baſe peaſant, or ſome flauiſh hind,
Neuer did Kingly Lyon get an Aſſe,
Nor cam'ſt thou of that Princely Eagles kind:
But ſith thy hateſull cowardiſe I find,
Sinke thou, thy power, thy Country, ayde and all,
Thou barbarous Moore, thou moſt vnnaturall.

Thou wert not Sonne vnto the Queene my mother,
Nor wert conceiued in her ſacred woombe,
Some misbegotten changeling, not my Brother,
O that thy Nurſes armes had beene thy Toombe,
Or thy birth-day had beene the day of doombe:
Neuer was Fortune with ſuch error led,
As when ſhee plac'd a Crowne vpon thy head.

And for my farewell this I prophecie,
That from my loynes, that glorious fruite ſhall ſpring,
VVhich ſhall tread downe that baſe poſteritie,
And lead in tryumph thy ſucceeding King,
To fatall *Fraunce*, I as *Sibilla* ſing:
Her Cities ſackd, the ruine of her men,
VVhen of the Engliſh, one ſhall conquer ten.

Beumount who had in *Fraunce* this ſhufling ſeene,
VVhoſe ſoule with kindnes *Iſabell* had wonne,
To flye to *Henault*, now perſwades the Queene, *John of Henault.*
Aſſuring her what good might there be done,
Offering his Neece, vnto the Prince her Sonne:
The onely meane, to bend his brothers might,
Againſt King *Edward*, and to back her right.

This worthy Lord, experienc'd long in armes,
VVhom *Iſabell* with many fauours grac'd,
VVhoſe Princely blood, the brute of conqueſt warmes,
In whoſe great thoughts, the Queene was highly plac'd,
Greeuing to ſee her ſuccours thus defac'd.
Hath caſt this plot, which managed with heed,
Sith all doe fayle, ſhould onely helpe at need.

Shee who but lately had her Ankors wayd,
And ſawe the cloudes on euery ſide to riſe,
Nor now can ſtay, vntill the ſtreame be ſtayd,
Nor harbour till the cleering of the skies,
VVho though ſhe rou'd, the marke ſtil in her eyes,
Accepts his offer thankfully as one,
Succouring the poore in ſuch affliction.

This courteous Earle, mou'd with her ſad report,
VVhoſe eares were drawne to her inchanting tong,
Traind vp with her in *Phillips* royall Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,
Her foes growe weake, her friends grow daily ſtrong.
The Barrons oath, gag'd in her cauſe to ſtand,
The Commons word, the Cleargies helping hand.

All Couenants ſignd with wedlocks ſacred ſeale,
In friendſhips bonds eternally to bind,
And all proceeding from ſo perfect zeale,
And ſuting right, with *Henalts* mighty mind,
VVhat eaſe hereby, the Queene doth hope to find;
The ſweet contentment of the louely bride,
Young *Edward* pleaſd, and ioy on euery ſide.

NOw full ſeauen times, the Sunne his welked waine,
Had on the top of all the Tropick ſet,
And ſeauen times deſcending downe againe,
His fiery wheeles, had with the fiſhes wet,
Since malice firſt this miſchiefe did beget:
In which ſo many courſes hath beene runne,
As he that time celeſtiall ſignes hath done.

From *Henalt* now this great *Bellona* comes,
Glyding along fayre *Belgias* glaſsie maine,
Mazing the ſhores with noyſe of thundring drums,
VVith her young *Edward*, Duke of *Aquitayne*,
The fatall ſcourges of King *Edwards* raigne:
Her Souldiour *Beumount*, and the Earle of *Kent*,
And *Mortimer* that mightie Malcontent.

Three thouſand Souldiers muſtred men in pay,
Of Almaynes, Swiſers, truſtie Henawers,
Of natiue Engliſh fled beyond the Sea,
Of fat-braind Fleamings, fiſhie Zelanders,
Edwards decreaſing power, augmenting hers:
Her friends at home expect her comming in,
And new commotions euery day begin.

The

The Coasts be daylie kept with watch and ward,
The Beacons burning, at thy foes discrie,
O had the loue of Subiects beene thy guard,
T'ad beene t'effect, what thou didst fortifie,
But t'is thy housholde home-bred Enemie:
Nor Fort, nor Castell, can thy Countrey keepe,
VVhen foes doe wake, and dreamed friends doe sleepe.

In vaine be armes, when heauen becomes a foe,
Kneele, weepe, intreat, and speake thy Deathſ-man fayre,
The earth is armd vnto thy ouerthrowe,
Goe pacifie the angrie powers by prayer,
Or if not pray, goe *Edward* and dispayre:
Thy fatall end, why doest thou this begin,
Locking Death out, thou keep'st destruction in.

A Southwest gale, for *Harwich* fitly blowes,
Blow not so fast, to kindle such a fier:
VVhilst vnder saile, shee yet securely rowes,
Turne gentle wind, and force her to retyer,
But ô the winds, doe *Edwards* wrack conspyre,
For when the heauens are vnto iustice bent,
All things be turnd to our iust punishment.

Shee is arriu'd in *Orwells* pleaſant Roade,
Orwell thy name, or ill, or neuer was:
VVhy art thou not ore-burthend with thy loade?
VVhy ſinck'ſt thou not vnder thys monſtrous maſſe?
But what heauen will, that needs muſt come to paſſe.
That grieuous plague thou carrieſt on thy deepe,
Shall giue iuſt cauſe for many, ſtreames to weepe.

Englands Earle-marſhall, Lord of all that Coaſt,
VVith bells and bonfires welcoms her to ſhore,
Great *Leiceſter* next ioyneth hoaſt to hoaſt,
The Cleargies power, in readines before,
VVhich euery day increaſeth more and more:
Vpon the Church a great taxation layd,
For Armes, munition, mony, men, and ayd.

Such as too long had looked for this hower,
And in their breſts impriſoned diſcontent,
Their wills thus made too powerful by their power
VVhoſe ſpirits were factious, great, and turbulent,
Their hopes ſucceſſull by this ill euent,
Like to a thiefe that for his purpoſe lyes,
Take knowledge now of *Edwards* iniuries.

Young Prince of *Wales*, loe heere thy vertue lyes,
Soften thy Mothers flintie hart with teares,
Then woe thy Father with those blessed eyes,
VVherein the image of himselfe appeares,
VVith thy soft hand softly vniting theirs:
VVith thy sweet kisses so them both beguile,
Vntill they smyling weepe, and weeping smile.

Bid her behold that curled silken Downe,
Thy fayre smooth brow, in beauties fayrer pryme,
Not to be prest with a care-bringing Crowne,
Nor that with sorrowes wrinckled ere the time,
Thy feete too feeble to his seate to clime;
VVho gaue thee life, a crowne for thee did make,
Taking that Crowne, thou life from him doost take.

Looke on these Babes, the seales of plighted troth,
VVhose little armes about your bodies cling,
These pretty imps, so deere vnto you both,
Beg on their knees, their little hands do wring,
Queenes to a Queene, Kings kneele vnto a King,
To see theyr comfort, and the crowne defac'd,
You fall to Armes, which haue in armes embrac'd.

Subiects ſee theſe, and then looke backe on theſe,
VVhere hatefull rage with kindly nature ſtriues,
And iudge by *Edward* of your owne diſeaſe,
Chyldren by chyldren, by his wife your wiues,
Your ſtate by his, in his life your owne liues,
And yeeld your ſwords, to take your deaths as due,
Then draw your ſwords, to ſpoyle both him and you.

From *Edmondsbury* now comes thys Lyoneſſe,
Vnder the Banner of young *Aquitaine*,
And downe towards *Oxford* doth herſelfe adreſſe,
A world of vengeance vvayting on her traine,
Heere is the period of *Carnaruans* raigne;
Edward thou haſt, but King thou canſt not beare,
Ther's now no King, but great King *Mortimer*.

Now friendles *Edward* followed by his foes,
Needes muſt he runne, the deuill hath in chaſe,
Poore in his hopes, but wealthy in his woes,
Plenty of plagues, but ſcarcitie of grace,
VVho wearied all, now wearieth euery place;
No home at home, no comfort ſeene abroad,
His minde ſmall reſt, his body ſmall aboad.

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done
Of *Henalts* power, and what the Queene intends,
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begun,
Another ſtraight beginning where he ends,
Some of new foes, ſome of reuolting frends;
Theſe ended once, againe new rumors ſpred
Of many which rebell, of many fled.

Thus of the remnant of his hopes bereft,
Shee hath the ſum, and hee the ſilly reſt,
Towards *VVales* he flyes, of England being left,
To rayſe an Armie there himſelfe adreſt,
But of his power ſhee fully is poſſeſt;
Shee hath the Eaſt, her riſing there-withall,
And he the VVeſt, I there goes downe his fall.

VVhat plagues doth *Edward* for himſelfe prepare?
Alas poore *Edward*, whether dooſt thou flie?
Men change the ayre, but ſeldome change their care;
Men flie from foes, but not from miſerie,
Griefes be long-liu'd, and ſorrowes ſeldome die;
And whē thou feel'ſt thy conſcience tuch'd with griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both rob'd and thiefe.

Towards *Lundy*, which in *Sabryns* mouth doth ſtand,
Carried with hope, ſtill hoping to finde eaſe,
Imagining thys were his natiue Land,
Thys England: and *Seuerne* the narrow ſeas,
VVith this conceit (poore ſoule) himſelfe doth pleaſe.
And ſith his rule is ouer-rul'd by men,
On byrds and beaſts he'll king it once agen.

Tis treble death a freezing death to feele,
For him, on whom the ſunne hath euer ſhone,
VVho hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Nor hardly beg which once hath been his owne;
A fearefull thing to tumble from a throne;
Fayne would he be king of a little Ile,
All were his Empyre bounded in a myle.

Aboard a Barke, now towards the Ile he ſayles,
Thinking to find ſome mercy in the flood:
But ſee, the weather with ſuch power preuailes,
Not ſuffring him to rule thys peece of vvood;
VVho can attaine, by heauen and earth with-ſtood?
Edward, thy hopes but vainly doe delude,
By Gods and men vnceſſantly purſu'd.

At length to land his carefull Barke he hales,
Beaten with stormes, ballast with misery,
Thys home-bred exile, on the Coast of *Wales*,
Vnlike himselfe, with such as like him bee,
Spenser, *Reding*, *Baldock*, these hapleſſe three,
They to him subiect, he subiect to care,
And he and they, to murther subiect are.

To ancient *Neyth*, a Castell strongly built,
Thether repayre thys forlorne banish'd crew,
VVhich holdeth them, but not contaynes theyr guilt,
There hid from eyes, but not from enuies view,
Nor from theyr starrs themselues they yet with-drew,
VValls may awhile keepe out an enemie,
But neuer Castle kept out destenie,

Heere Fortune hath immur'd them in this hold,
VVilling theyr poore imprisoned liberty,
Liuing a death, in hunger, want, and cold,
VVhilst murtherous treason entreth secretly,
All lay on hands to punish cruelty;
And when euen might is vp vnto the chin,
VVeake frends become strong foes to thrust him in.

Mortimeriados.

MElpomine, thou dolefull Muſe be gone,
Thy ſad complaints be matters farre too light,
Heere (now) come plagues beyond compariſon.
You dreadfull Furies, viſions of the night,
VVith gaſtly howling all approch my ſight,
And let pale ghoſts with ſable Tapers ſtand,
To lend ſad light to my more ſadder hand.

Each line ſhall be a hiſtory of woe,
And euery accent as a dead mans cry;
Now muſt my teares in ſuch aboundance flow,
As doe the drops of fruitfull *Caſtaly*,
Each letter muſt containe a tragedy:
Loe, now I come to tell this wofull reſt,
The drereſt tale that euer pen expreſt.

You ſenceleſſe ſtones, as all prodigious,
Or things which of like ſolid ſubſtance be,
Sith thus in nature all grow monſterous,
And vnto kinde contrary diſagree,
Conſume, or burne, or weepe, or ſigh with mee,
Vnleſſe the earth hard-harted, nor can moane,
Makes ſteele and ſtones, more hard then ſteele and ſtone.

All-guiding heauen, which ſo dooſt ſtill maintaine
VVhat ere thou moou'ſt in perfect vnitie,
And bynd'ſt all things in friendſhyps ſacred chayne,
In ſpotles and perpetuall amitie,
VVhich is the bounds of thy great Emperie;
VVhy ſuffereſt thou the ſacriligious rage,
Of thys rebellious, hatefull, yron age.

Now ruine raignes, God helpe the Land the while,
All pryſons freed to make all miſchiefes free,
Traytors and Rebels called from exile,
All things be lawfull, but what lawfull bee,
Nothing our owne, but our owne infamie:
Death, which ends care, yet careleſſe of our death,
VVho ſteales our ioyes, but ſtealeth not our breath.

London which didſt thys miſchiefe firſt begin,
Loe, now I come thy tragedy to tell,
The Londeners ſet all the priſoners at liberty.
Thou art the firſt thats plagued for this ſin,
VVhich firſt didſt make the entrance to this hell,
Now death and horror in thy walls muſt dwell,
VVhich ſhould'ſt haue care thy ſelfe in health to keepe,
Thus turn'ſt the vvolues amongſt the careleſſe ſheepe.

O had I eyes, another *Thames* to weepe,
Or words expreſsing more, then words expreſſe,
O could my teares, thy great foundation ſteepe,
To moane thy pride, thy waſtfull vaine exceſſe,
Thy gluttonie, thy youthfull wantonneſſe:
But t'is thy ſinnes, that to the heauens are fled,
Diſſoluing clowdes of vengeance on thy head.

The place prophan'd, where God ſhould be adord,
The ſtone remou'd, whereon our faith is grounded,
Authoritie is ſcornd, counſell abhord,
Religion ſo by fooliſh ſects confounded,
VVeake conſciences by vaine queſtions wounded:
The honour due, to Magiſtrates neglected,
VVhat elſe but vengeance can there be expected?

VVhen fayth but faynd, a faith doth onely fayne,
And Church-mens liues, giue Lay-men leaue to fall,
The Ephod made a cloake to couer gayne,
Cunning auoyding what's canonicall,
Yet holines the Badge to beare out all:
VVhen ſacred things be made a merchandize,
None talke of texts, then ceaſeth prophicies.

VVhen as the lawes, doe once peruert the lawes,
And weake opinion guides the common weale,
VVhere doubts ſhould ceaſe, doubts riſe in euery clawſe,
The ſword which wounds, ſhould be a ſalue to heale,
Oppreſsion vvorks oppreſsion to conceale:
Yet beeing vs'd, when needfull is the vſe,
Right clokes all wrongs, and couers all abuſe.

Tempeſtious thunders, teare the fruitleſſe earth,
The roring Ocean paſt her bounds to riſe,
Death-telling apparitions, monſtrous birth,
Th'affrighted heauen with comet-glaring eyes,
The ground, the ayre, all fild with prodigies:
Featefull eclipſes, fierie viſion,
And angrie Planets in coniunction.

Thy chanells ſerue for inke, for paper ſtones,
And on the ground, write murthers, inceſts, rapes,
And for thy pens, a heape of dead-mens bones,
Thy letters, vgly formes, and monſtrous ſhapes;
And when the earths great hollow concaue gapes,
Then ſinke them downe, leaſt ſhee we liue vpon,
Doe leaue our vſe, and flye ſubiection.

Virgine, but Virgine onely in thy name,
Now for thy ſinne what murtherer ſhall be ſpent?
Blacke is my inke, but blacker is thy ſhame,
VVho ſhall reuenge? my Muſe can but lament,
VVith hayre diſheueld, words and tears halfe ſpent:
Poore rauiſh'd *Lucrece* ſtands to end her lyfe,
VVhliſt cruell *Tarquin* whets the angrie knyfe.

Thou wantſt redreſſe, and tyrannie remorce,
And ſad ſuſpition dyes thy fault in graine,
Compeld by force, muſt be repeld by force,
Complaints no pardon, penance helpes not payne,
But blood muſt vvaſh out a more bloody ſtayne:
To winne thine honour with thy loſſe of breath,
Thy guiltleſſe lyfe with thy more guiltie death.

Thou art benumd, thou canſt not feele at all,
Plagues be thy pleaſures, feare hath made paſt feare,
The deadly ſound of ſinnes nile-thundering fall,
Hath tuned horror ſetled in thine eare,
Shreeks be the ſweeteſt Muſicke thou canſt heare:
Armes thy attyer, and weapons all thy good,
And all the wealth thou haſt, conſiſts in blood.

See wofull Cittie, on thy ruin'd wall,
The verie Image of thy ſelfe heere ſee,
Read on thy gates in charrecters thy fall,
In famiſh'd bodies, thine Anatomie,
How like to them thou art, they like to thee:
And if thy teares haue dim'd thy hatefull ſight,
Thy buildings are one fier to giue thee light.

For world that *was*, a wofull *is*, complayne,
VVhen men might haue been buried when they dyed,
VVhen Children might haue in their cradels layne,
VVhen as a man might haue enioy'd his bride,
The Sonne kneeld by his Fathers death-bed ſide:
The lyuing wrongd, the dead no right (now) haue,
The Father ſees his Sonne to vvant a graue.

The poore *Samarian* almoſt ſtaru'd for food,
Yet ſawced her ſweet Infants fleſh with teares,
But thou in child vvith murther, long'ſt for blood,
VVhich thy wombe wanting, caſts the fruite it bears,
Thy viperous brood, their lothſome priſon teyrs:
Thou drinkſt thy gore out of a dead-mans ſcull,
Thy ſtomack hungry, though thy gorge be full.

Is all the world in ſenceleſſe ſlaughter dround?
No pittying hart? no hand? no eye? no eare?
None holds his ſword from ripping of the wound,
No ſparke of pittie, nature, loue, nor feare;
Be all ſo mad, that no man can forbeare?
VVill you incur the cruell *Neros* blame,
Thus to diſcouer your owne Mothers ſhame?

The man who of the plague yet rauing lyes,
Heares yeelding goſts to giue their lateſt grone,
And from his carefull window nought eſpyes,
But dead-mens bodies, others making moane,
No talke but Death, and execution.
Poore ſilly women from their houſes fled,
Crying (ô helpe) my husbands murthered;

Thames turne thee backe to *Belgia* frothie mayne,
Fayre *Tame* and *Iſis*, hold backe both your ſprings,
Nor on thy London ſpread thy ſiluer trayne,
Nor let thy Ships lay forth their ſilken wings,
Thy ſhores with Swans late dying Dirgies rings,
Nor in thy armes let her imbraced bee,
Nor ſmile on her which ſadly weepes on thee.

Time end thy ſelfe here, let it not be ſayd,
That euer Death did firſt begin in thee,
Nor let this ſlaunder to thy fault be layd,
That ages charge thee with impietie,
Leaſt feare what hath beene, argue what may be:
And faſhioning ſo a habite of the mind,
Make men no men, and alter humaine kind.

But yet this outrage hath but taken breath,
For pittie paſt, ſhe meanes to make amends,
And more enrag'd, ſhe doth returne to death,
And next goes downe King *Edward* and his frends,
VVhat ſhe hath hoarded, now ſhe franckly ſpends:
In ſuch ſtrange action as was neuer ſeene,
Clothing reuenge in habite of a Queene.

Now *Stapleton's* thy turne, from *France* that fled,
The next the lot vnto the *Spenſers* fell,
Reding the Marſhall, marſhal'd with the dead,
Next is thy turne great Earle of *Arundell*,
Then *Mochelden* and wofull *Daniell*:
VVho followed him in his laſciuious wayes,
Muſt goe before him to his blackeſt dayes.

Carnaruan by his Countrie-men betrayd,
And ſent a Priſoner from his natiue Land,
To *Knelworth* poore King he is conuayd,
To th'Earle of *Leiſter* with a mighty band;
And now a preſent Parliament in hand,
Fully concluding what they had begunne,
T'vncrowne King *Edward*, and inueſt his Sonne.

A ſcepter's lyke a pillar of great height,
VVhereon a mighty building doth depend,
VVhich when the ſame is ouer-preſt with weight,
And paſt his compaſſe, forc'd therby to bend,
His maſsie roofe down to the ground doth ſend:
Cruſhing the leſſer props, and murthering all,
VVhich ſtand within the compaſſe of his fall.

VVhere vice is countenanc'd with nobilitie,
Arte cleane excluded, ignorance held in,
Blinding the world, with mere hipocriſie,
Yet muſt be ſooth'd in all their ſlauiſh ſinne,
Great malcontents to growe they then begin:
Nurſing vile wits, to make them factious tooles,
Thus mighty men oft prooue the mightieſt fooles.

The

The Senate wronged by the Senator,
And iuſtice made iniuſtice by delayes,
Next innouation playes the Orator,
Counſels vncounſeld, Death defers no dayes,
And plagues, but plagues, alow no other playes:
And when one lyfe, makes hatefull many liues,
Cæſar though *Cæſar*, dyes with ſwords and kniues.

Now for the Cleargie, Peers, and Laictie,
Againſt the King muſt reſignation make,
Th'elected Senate of the Emperie,
To *Kenelworth* are come, the Crowne to take,
Sorrowe hath yet but ſlept, and now awake:
In ſolemne ſort each one doth take his place,
The partiall Iudges of poore *Edwards* caſe.

From his impriſoning chamber, cloth'd in black,
Before the great aſſemblie he is brought,
A dolefull hearſe vpon a dead-mans back,
VVhoſe heauie lookes, might tell his heauie thought,
Greefe needeno fayned action to be taught:
His Funerall ſolemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the Mourners, and his legs the Beere.

His fayre red cheeks clad in pale ſheets of ſhame,
And for a dumbe ſhew in a ſwound began,
VVhere paſsion doth ſtrange ſort of paſsion frame,
And euery ſence a right Tragedian,
Exceeding farre the compaſſe of a man,
By vſe of ſorrow learning nature arte,
Teaching Diſpayre to act a liuely part.

Ah Pitty, dooſt thou liue, or art thou not?
Some ſay ſuch ſights, men vnto flints haue turned,
Or Nature, elſe thy ſelfe haſt thou forgot?
Or is it but a tale, that men haue mourned?
That water euer drown'd, or fire burned?
Or haue teares left to dwell in humaine eyes,
Or euer man to pitty miſeries?

Hee takes the Crowne, and cloſely hugs it to him,
And ſmiling in his greefe he leanes vpon it;
Then doth hee frowne becauſe it would forgoe him,
Then ſoftly ſtealing, layes his veſture on it;
Then ſnatching at it, loth to haue forgone it,
Hee put it from him, yet hee will not ſo,
And yet retaines what fayne he would forgoe.

Like as a Mother ouer-charg'd with woe,
Her onely chylde now laboring in death,
Doing to helpe it, nothing yet can doe,
Though with her breath, ſhe faine would giue it breath,
Still ſaying, yet forgetting what ſhee ſayth:
Euen ſo with poore King *Edward* doth it fare,
Leauing his Crowne, the firſt-borne of his care.

In thys confuſed conflict of the minde,
Tears drowning ſighes, and ſighes confounding tears,
Yet when as neyther any eaſe could finde,
And extreame griefe doth ſomwhat harden feares,
Sorrow growes ſenceleſſe when too much ſhe bears,
VVhilſt ſpeech & ſilence, ſtriues which place ſhould take,
VVith words halfe ſpoke, he ſilently beſpake.

I clayme no Crowne, quoth he, by vile oppreſsion,
Nor by the law of Nations haue you choſe mee,
My Fathers title groundeth my ſucceſsion,
Nor in your power is cuſtor to depoſe mee,
By heauens decree I ſtand, they muſt diſpoſe mee;
A lawles act, in an vnlawfull thing,
VVith-drawes allegiance, but vncrownes no King.

VVhat God hath ſayd to one, is onely due,
Can I vſurpe by tyrannizing might?
Or take what by your birth-right falls to you?
Roote out your houſes? blot your honors light?
By publique rule, to rob your publique right?
Then can you take, what he could not that gaue it,
Becauſe the heauens commaunded I ſhould haue it.

My Lords, quoth hee, commend me to the King,
Heere doth he pauſe, fearing his tongue offended,
Euen as in child-birth forth the word doth bring,
Sighing a full poynt, as he there had ended,
Yet ſtriuing, as his ſpeech he would haue mended;
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
But griefes that tuch the hart, are hardly told.

Heere doth he weepe, as he had ſpoke in tears,
Calming this tempeſt with a ſhower of raine,
VVhiſpering, as he would keepe it from his ears,
Doe my alegiance to my Soueraigne;
Yet at this word, heere doth he pauſe againe:
Yes ſay euen ſo, quoth he, to him you beare it,
If it be *Edward* that you meane ſhall weare it.

Keepe hee the Crowne, with mee remaine the curſe,
A hapleſſe Father, haue a happy Sonne,
Take he the better, I endure the worſe,
The plague to end in mee, in mee begun,
And better may he thriue then I haue done;
Let him be ſecond *Edward*, and poore I,
For euer blotted out of memorie.

Let him account his bondage from the day
That he is with the Diadem inueſted;
A glittering Crowne doth make the haire ſoone gray,
VVithin whoſe circle he is but areſted,
In all his feaſts, hee's but with ſorrowe feaſted;
And when his feete diſdaine to tuch the mold,
His head a pryſoner, in a Iayle of gold.

In numbring of his ſubiects, numbring care,
And when the people doe with ſhouts begin,
Then let him thinke theyr onely prayers are,
That he may ſcape the danger he is in,
The multitude, be multitudes of ſin;
And hee which firſt doth ſay, God ſaue the King,
Hee is the firſt doth newes of ſorrow bring.

His Commons ills shall be his priuate ill,
His priuate good is onely publique care,
His will must onely be as others will:
Himselfe not as he is, as others are,
By Fortune dar'd to more then Fortune dare:
And he which may commaund an Empery,
Yet can he not intreat his liberty.

Appeasing tumults, hate cannot appease,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Displeasing to himselfe, others to please,
Obey'd asmuch as he shall tyrannize,
Feare forcing friends, enforcing Enemies:
And when hee sitteth vnder his estate,
His foote-stoole danger, and his chayre is hate.

He King alone, no King that once was one,
A King that was, vnto a King that is;
I am vnthron'd, and hee enioyes my throne,
Nor should I suffer that, nor he doe this,
He takes from mee what yet is none of his;
Young *Edward* clymes, old *Edward* falleth downe,
King'd and vnking'd, he crown'd, farwell my crowne.

Princes be Fortunes chyldren, and with them,
Shee deales, as Mothers vſe theyr babes to ſtill,
Vnto her darling giues a Diadem,
A pretty toy, his humor to fulfill;
And when a little they haue had theyr will,
Looke what ſhee gaue, ſhee taketh at her pleaſure,
Vſing the rod when they are out of meaſure.

But policie, who ſtill in hate did lurke,
And yet ſuſpecteth *Edward* is not ſure,
VVaying what blood with *Leiceſter* might worke,
Or elſe what friends his name might yet procure;
A guilty conſcience neuer is ſecure;
From *Leiſters* keeping cauſe him to be taken;
Alas poore *Edward*, now of all forſaken.

To *Gurney* and *Matrauers* he is giuen;
O let theyr act be odious to all ears,
And beeing ſpoke, ſtirre clowdes to couer heauen,
And be the badge the wretched murtherer bears,
The wicked oth whereby the damned ſwears:
But *Edward*, in thy hell thou muſt content thee,
Theſe be the deuils which muſt ſtill torment thee.

Hee on a leane ilfauored beaſt is ſet,
Death vpon Famine moralizing right;
His cheeks with tears, his head with raigne bewet,
Nights very picture, wandring ſtill by night;
VVhen he would ſleep, like dreams they him affright;
His foode torment, his drinke a poyſoned bayne,
No other comfort but in deadly paine.

And yet becauſe they feare to haue him knowne,
They ſhaue away his princely treſſed hayre,
And now become not worth a hayre of's owne,
Body and fortune now be equall bare;
Thus voyde of wealth, ô were he voyde of care.
But ô, our ioyes are ſhadowes, and deceaue vs,
But cares, euen to our deaths doe neuer leaue vs.

A ſilly Mole-hill is his kingly chayre,
VVith puddle water muſt he now be dreſt,
And his perfume, the lothſome fenny ayre,
An yron skull, a Baſon fitting beſt,
A bloody workman, ſuting with the reſt;
His lothed eyes, within thys filthy glas,
Truly behold how much deform'd hee was.

The

The drops which from his eyes abundance fall,
A poole of tears ſtill riſing by this rayne,
Euen fighting with the water, and withall,
A circled compaſſe makes it to retaine,
Billow'd with ſighes, like to a little maine;
VVater with tears, contending whether ſhould
Make water warme, or make the warme tears cold.

Vile Traytors, hold of your vnhalowed hands,
The cruelſt beaſt the Lyons preſence fears:
And can you keepe your Soueraigne then in bands?
How can your eyes behold th'anoynteds tears?
Are not your harts euen pearced through your ears?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
A King's a King, doe Fortune what ſhee can.

VVho's he can take what God himſelfe hath giuen?
Or ſpill that life his holy ſpirit infuſed?
All powers be ſubiect to the powers of heauen,
Nor wrongs paſſe vnreueng'd, although excuſed,
VVeepe Maieſtie to ſee thy ſelfe abuſed;
O whether ſhall authoritie be take,
VVhen ſhee herſelfe, herſelfe doth ſo forſake?

A wreath of hay they on his temples bind,
VVhich when he felt, (teares would not let him see,)
Nature (quoth he) now art thou onely kind,
Thou giu'ſt, but Fortune taketh all from mee,
I now perceaue, that were it not for thee:
I ſhould want vvater, clothing for my brayne,
But earth giues hay, and mine eyes giue me rayne.

My ſelfe deform'd, lyke my deformed ſtate,
My perſon made like to mine infamie,
Altring my fauour, could you alter fate,
And blotting beautie, blot my memorie,
You might flye ſlaunder, I indignitie:
My golden Crowne, tooke golden rule away,
A Crowne of hay, well ſures a King of hay.

Yet greeu'd agayne, on nature doth complayne,
Nature (ſayth he) ô thou art iuſt in all,
VVhy ſhould'ſt thou then, thus ſtrengthen me agayne,
To ſuffer things ſo much vnnaturall?
Except thou be pertaker in my fall:
And when at once ſo many miſchiefes meete,
Mak'ſt poyſon nuterment, and bitter ſweete.

And now he thinks he wrongeth Fortune much,
VVho giueth him this great preheminence,
For since by fate his myseries be such,
Her worser name hath taught him pacience,
For no offence, he taketh as offence:
Croſt on his back, and croſſes in the breſt,
Thus is he croſt, who neuer yet was bleſt.

To *Berckley* thus they lead this wretched King,
The place of horror which they had fore-thought,
O heauens why ſuffer you ſo vile a thing,
And can behold, this murther to be wrought,
But that your wayes are all with iudgement frought:
Now entreſt thou, poore *Edward* to thy hell,
Thus take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

O *Berckley*, thou which haſt beene famous long,
Still let thy walls ſhreeke out a deadly ſound,
And ſtill complayne thee of thy greeuous wrong,
Preſerue the figure of King *Edwards* wound,
And keepe their wretched footſteps on the ground:
That yet ſome power againe may giue them breath,
And thou againe mayſt curſe them both to death.

The croking Rauens hideous voyce he hears,
VVhich through the Caſtell ſounds with deadly yells,
Imprinting ſtrange imaginarie fears,
The heauie Ecchoes lyke to paſsing bells,
Chyming far off his dolefull burying knells:
The iargging Caſements which the fierce wind dryues,
Puts him in mind of fetters, chaynes, and gyues.

By ſilent night, the vgly ſhreeking Owles,
Lyke dreadfull Spirits with terror doe torment him,
The enuious dogge, angry with darcknes howles,
Lyke meſſengers from damned ghoſts were ſent him,
Or with hells noyſome terror to preſent him:
Vnder his roofe the buzzing night-Crow ſings,
Clapping his windowe with her fatall wings.

Death ſtill prefigur'd in his fearefull dreames,
Of raging Feinds, and Goblins that he meets,
Of falling downe from ſteepe-rocks into ſtreames
Of Toombs, of Graues, of Pits, of winding ſheets,
Of ſtrange temptations and ſeducing ſprits:
And with his cry awak'd, calling for ayde,
His hollowe voyce doth make him ſelfe afrayd.

Oft in his ſleepe he ſees the Queene to flye him,
Sterne *Mortimer* purſue him with his ſword,
His Sonne in ſight, yet dares he not come nigh him,
To whom he calls, who aunſwereth not a word,
And lyke a monſter wondred and abhord:
VVidowes and Orphans following him with cryes,
Stabbing his hart, and ſcratching out his eyes.

Next comes the viſion of his bloody raigne,
Masking along with *Lancaſters* ſterne ghoſt,
Of eight and twentie Barrons hang'd and ſlayne,
Attended with the rufull mangled hoſt,
At *Burton* and at *Borough* battell loſt:
Threatning with frownes, and trembling euery lim,
VVith thouſand thouſand curſes curſing him.

And if it chaunce that from the troubled skyes,
Some little brightnes through the chinks giue light,
Straight waies on heaps the thrunging clouds doe riſe,
As though the heauen were angry with the night.
Deformed ſhadowes glimpſing in his ſight:
As though darcknes, for ſhe more darcke would bee,
Through theſe poore Crannells forc'd her ſelfe to ſee.

VVithin

VVithin a deepe vault vnder where he lay,
Vnder buried filthie carcaſſes they keepe,
Becauſe the thicke walls hearing kept away,
His feeling feeble, ſeeing ceas'd in ſleepe;
This lothſome ſtinck comes from this dungeon deepe,
As though before they fully did decree,
No one ſence ſhould from puniſhment be free.

Hee haps our Engliſh Chronicle to find,
On which to paſſe the howers he falls to reed,
For minuts yet to recreate his mind,
If any thought one vncar'd thought might feed,
But in his breaſt new conflicts this doth breed:
For when ſorrowe, is ſeated in the eyes,
VVhat ere we ſee, increaſeth miſeries.

Opening the Booke, he chaunced firſt of all
On conquering *VVilliams* glorious comming in,
The Normans riſing, and the Bryttains fall,
Noting the plague ordayn'd for *Harolds* ſinne,
How much, in how ſhort time this Duke did winne;
Great Lord (quoth hee) thy conqueſts plac'd thy throne,
I to mine owne, haue baſely loſt mine owne.

Then comes to *Rufus* a laſciuious King,
VVhoſe lawleſſe rule on that which he enioy'd,
A ſodaine end vnto his dayes doth bring,
Himſelfe deſtroy'd in that which he deſtroy'd,
None moane his death, whoſe lyfe had all anoy'd:
Rufus (quoth he) thy fault far leſſe then mine,
Needs muſt my plague be far exceeding thine.

To famous *Bewclarke* ſtudiouſlie he turnes,
VVho from Duke *Robert* doth the ſcepter wreſt,
VVhoſe eyes put out, in flintie *Cardiffe* mornes,
In *Paleſtine* who bare his conquering creſt,
VVho though of Realmes, of fame not diſpoſſeſt:
In all afflictions this may comfort thee,
Onely my ſhame in death remaines (quoth hee.)

Robert Short-thigh Duke of Normandy.

Then comes he next to *Stephens* troublous ſtate,
Plagu'd with the Empreſſe, in continuall warre,
Yet with what patience he could beare his hate,
And lyke a wiſe-man rule his angry ſtarre,
Stopping the wheele of Fortunes giddie carre:
O thus (quoth he) had graceleſſe *Edward* done,
He had not now beene Subiect to his Sonne.

Then to *Henry Plantagine* he goes,
Two Kings at once, two Crown'd at once doth find,
The roote from whence so many mischieses rose,
The Fathers kindnes makes the Sonne vnkind,
Th'ambitious Brothers to debate inclind:
Thou crown'st thy Sonne, yet liuing still do'st raigne,
Mine vncrownes me (quoth he) yet am I slaine.

Then of couragious Lyon-hart he reeds,
The Souldans terror, and the Pagans wrack,
The Easterne world fild with his glorious deeds,
Of *Ioppas* siege, of *Cipres* wofull sack,
Richard (quoth hee) turning his dull eyes back:
Thou did'st in height of thy felicitie,
I in the depth of all my miserie.

Then by degrees to sacriligious *Iohn*,
Murthering young *Arthur*, hath vsurp'd his right,
The Cleargies curse, the poors oppression,
The greeuous crosses that on him did light,
To Rooms proud yoke yeelding his awfull might:
Euen by thy end (he sayth) now *Iohn* I see,
Gods iudgements thus doe iustly fall on mee.

Then

Then, to long-raigning *VVincheſter* his Sonne,
VVith whom his people bloody vvarre did wage,
And of the troubles in his time begunne,
The head-ſtrong Barrons wrath, the Commons rage,
And yet how he theſe tumults could aſwage:
Thou liueſt long, (quoth he) longer thy name,
And I dye ſoone, yet ouer-liue my fame.

Then to great *Longshanks* mighty victories,
VVho in the Orcads fix'd his Countries mears,
And dar'd in fight our fayths proud Enemies,
VVhich to his name eternall Trophies rears,
VVhoſe gracefull fauors yet faire England wears:
Bee't deadly ſinne (quoth he) once to defile,
This Fathers name with me a Sonne ſo vile.

Following the leafe, he findeth vnawars,
VVhat day young *Edward* Prince of *VVales* was borne,
VVhich Letters ſeeme lyke Magick Charrecters,
Or to diſpight him they were made in ſcorne,
O let that name (quoth he) from Books be torne:
Leaſt that in time, the very greeued earth,
Doe curſe my Mothers woombe, and ban my birth.

Say that King *Edward* neuer had ſuch child,
Or was deuour'd as hee in cradle lay,
Be all men from my place of birth exil'd,
Let it be ſunck, or ſwallowed with ſome ſea,
Let courſe of yeeres deuoure that diſmall day,
Let all be doone that power can bring to paſſe,
Onely be it forgot that ere I was.

The globy tears impearled in his eyes,
Through which as glaſſes hee is forc'd to looke,
Make letters ſeeme as circles which ariſe,
Forc'd by a ſtone within a ſtanding Brooke,
And at one time, ſo diuers formes they tooke,
VVhich like to vglie Monſters doe affright,
And with their ſhapes doe terrifie his ſight.

Thus on his carefull Cabin falling downe,
Enter the Actors of his tragedy,
Opening the doores, which made a hollow ſoune,
As they had howl'd againſt theyr crueltie,
Or of his paine as they would prophecie;
To whom as one which died before his death,
He yet complaynes, whilſt paine might lend him breath.

O be not Authors of ſo vile an act,
To bring my blood on your poſteritie,
That Babes euen yet vnborne doe curſe the fact,
I am a King, though King of miſerie,
I am your King, though wanting Maieſtie:
But he who is the cauſe of all this teene,
Is cruell *March* the Champion of the Queene.

He hath my Crowne, he hath my Sonne, my wyfe,
And in my throne tryumpheth in my fall,
Is't not inough but he will haue my lyfe?
But more, I feare that yet this is not all,
I thinke my ſoule to iudgement he will call:
And in my death his rage yet ſhall not dye,
But perſecute me ſo, immortallie.

And for you deadly hate me, let me liue,
For that aduantage angrie heauen hath left,
Fortune hath taken all that ſhe did giue;
Yet that reuenge ſhould not be quite bereft,
Shee leaues behind this remnant of her theft:
That miſerie ſhould find that onely I,
Am far more wretched then is miſerie.

Betwixt two beds theſe deuils ſtraight enclos'd him,
Thus done, vncouering of his ſecrete part,
VVhen for his death they fitly had diſpoſd him,
VVith burning yron thruſt him to the hart.
O payne beyond all paine, how much thou art!
VVhich words, as words, may verbally confeſſe,
But neuer pen preciſely could expreſſe.

O let his tears euen freezing as they light,
By the impreſsion of his monſtrous payne,
Still keepe this odious ſpectacle in ſight,
And ſhew the manner how the King was ſlaine,
That it with ages may be new againe;
That all may thether come that haue beene told it,
And in that mirror of his griefes behold it.

Still let the building ſigh his bitter grones,
And with a hollow cry his woes repeate,
That ſenceleſſe things euen mouing ſenceleſſe ſtones,
VVith agonizing horror ſtill may ſweat;
And as conſuming in their furious heate,
Like boyling Cauldrons be the drops that fall,
Euen as that blood for vengeance ſtill did call.

O let the wofull *Genius* of the place,
Still haunt the pryſon where his life was loſt:
And with torne hayre, and ſwolne ilfauored face,
Become the guide to his reuengefull ghoſt,
And night and day ſtill let them walke the Coaſt;
And with inceſſant howling terrifie,
Or mooue with pitty all that trauell by.

TRue vertuous Lady, now of mirth I ſing,
To ſharpen thy ſweet ſpirit with ſome delight,
And ſomwhat ſlack this mellancholie ſtring,
VVhilſt I of loue and tryumphs muſt indite,
Too ſoone againe of paſsion muſt I write.
Of Englands wonder, now I come to tell,
How *Mortimer* firſt roſe, when *Edward* fell.

Downe leſſer lights, the glorious Sunne doth clime,
His ioyfull riſing is the worlds proude morne;
Now is he got betwixt the wings of Tyme,
And with the tyde of Fortune forwards borne,
Good ſtarrs aſsiſt his greatnes to ſubborne,
VVho haue decreed his raigning for a while,
All laugh on him, on whom the heauens doe ſmile.

The pompous sinode of these earthly Gods,
At *Salsbury*, appointed by their King,
To set all euen which had been at ods,
And into fashion, their disiignes to bring,
That peace might now frō their proceedings spring,
And to establish what they had begun,
Vnder whose cullour mighty things were done.

Heere *Mortimer* is Earle of *March* created,
Thys honor added to his Barronie,
And vnto fame heere is he consecrated,
That titles might his greatries dignifie,
As for the rest, he easely could supply.
VVho knew a kingdom to her lap was throwne,
VVhich hauing all, would neuer starue her owne.

A pleasing calme hath smooth'd the troubled sea,
The prime brought on with gentle falling showers,
The misty breake yet proues a goodly day;
And on their heads since heauen her largesse powers,
Thats onely ours, which we doe vse as ours:
Pleasures be poore, and our delights be dead,
VVhen as a man doth not enioy the head.

Tyme wanting bounds, ſtill wanteth certainty,
Of dangers paſt, in peace wee loue to heare,
Short is the date of all extreamity,
Long wiſhed things a ſweet delight doth beare,
Better forgoe our ioyes then ſtill to feare:
Fortune her gifts in vaine to ſuch doth gyue,
As when they liue, ſeeme as they did not liue.

Now ſtand they like the two ſtarre-fixed Poles,
Betwixt the which the circling Spheres doe moue,
About whoſe Axeltree thys fayre Globe roules,
VVhich that great Moouer by his ſtrength doth ſhoue,
Yet euery poynt ſtill ending in theyr loue;
For might is euer abſolute alone,
VVhen of two powers there's true coniunction.

The King muſt take, what by theyr power they giue,
And they protect what ſerues for theyr protection,
They teach to rule, whilſt he doth learne to liue,
T' whom all be ſubiect, liues in theyr ſubiection,
Though borne to rule, yet crown'd by their election,
Th'alegiance which to *Edward* doth belong,
Doth make theyr faction abſolutely ſtrong.

Twelue guide the King, his power theyr powers conſiſt,
Peers guide the King, they guide both King and Peers,
Ill can the Brooke his owne ſelfe-ſtreame reſiſt,
Theyr aged counſell, to his younger yeeres,
Young *Edward* vowes, and all the while he ſteers;
VVel might we think the man were more then blind,
VVhich wanted Sea roomth, and could rule the wind.

In lending ſtrength, theyr ſtrength they ſtill retaine,
Building his force, theyr ownethey ſo repare,
Vnder his raigne, in ſafety they doe raigne,
They giue a kingdome, and doe keepe the care,
They who aduenture, muſt the booty ſhare,
A Princes wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
Like to a Poole with many fountaines fed.

They ſit at eaſe, though he ſit in the throne,
He ſhaddowes them who his ſupporters be,
And in diuiſion they be two for one,
An Empyre now muſt thus berul'd by three,
VVhat they make free, they challenge to be free;
The King enioyeth, but what they lately gaue,
They priuiledg'd to ſpend, leaue him to ſaue.

Mortimer nine-score knights in his retinue.

Nine-ſcore braue Knights belonging to his Court
At *Notingham*, which all the Coaſt commaunds,
All parts pay trybute, honor to his port,
Much may he doe which hath ſo many hands,
This rocke-built Caſtell, ouer-looks the Lands:
Thus lyke a Gyant, ſtill towards heauen doth ryſe,
And fayne would caſt the Rocks againſt the skyes.

VVhere ere he goes there pompe in tryumph goes,
Ouer his head Fame ſoring ſtill doth flye,
Th'earth in his preſence decks her ſelfe in ſhowes,
And glory ſits in greateſt Maieſtie,
Aboundance there doth ſtill in Child-bed lye:
For where Fortune her bountie will beſtowe,
There heauen and earth muſt pay what ſhe doth owe.

In *Notingham*, the Norths great glorious eye,
Crowne of the beautious branch-embelliſh'd ſoyle,
The throne emperiall of his Emperie,
His reſting place, releeuer of his royle,
Here he enioyes his neuer-prized ſpoyle:
There lyuing in a world of all delight,
Beheld of all, and hauing all in ſight.

Here all along the flower-enameld vales,
Cleere *Trent* vpon the pearly ſand doth ſlide,
And to the Meadowes telling wanton tales,
Her chriſtall lims laſciuiouſly in pride,
VVith thouſand turnes ſhee caſts from ſide to ſide:
As loth ſhee were the ſweet ſoyle to forſake,
And throw her ſelfe into the German lake.

VVhence great hart-harboring *Sherwood* wildly roues,
VVhoſe leauie Forreſts garlanding her Towers,
Shadowing the ſmall Brooks with her Ecchoing groues,
vvhoſe thick-plaſhd ſides repulſe the Northerne ſhowers,
VVhere Nature ſporting in her ſecret Bowers:
This ſtrong built Caſtell hurketh in her ſhade,
As to this end ſhe onely had beene made.

There muſt the glorious Parliament be held,
Earth muſt come in, when awfull heauen doth ſend,
For whether *Ioue* his powerfull ſelfe doth weld,
Thether all powers them ſelues muſt wholly bend,
VVhoſe hand holds thunder, who dare him offend?
And where proud conqueſt keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forc'd in ſeruile yokes to drawe.

Heere ſit they both vnder the rich eſtate,
Yet neither ſtriue the vpper hand to get,
In pompe and power both equall at a rate,
And as they came, ſo are they friendly ſet,
He entreth firſt, which firſt in entring met;
A King at leaſt the Earle of *March* muſt be,
Or elſe the maker of a King is hee.

Perhaps, he with a ſmyle the King will grace,
His knees growe ſtiffe, they haue forgot to bow,
And if he once haue taken vp his place,
Edward muſt come, if he his will would know,
A foote out of his ſeate he cannot goe;
Thys ſmall word ſubiect, pricks him like a ſting,
My Empyres Colleage, or my fellow King.

O had felicity feeling of woe,
Or could on meane but moderatly feede,
Or would looke downe the way that he muſt goe,
Or could abſtaine from what diſeaſes breede,
To ſtop the wound before to death he bleede,
VVarre ſhould not fill Kings Pallaces with moane,
Nor perrill come when tis leaſt thought vpon.

Ambition with the Eagle loues to build,
Nor on the Mountayne dreads the winters blaſt,
But with ſelfe-ſoothing doth the humor guild,
VVith arguments correcting what is paſt,
Fore-caſting Kingdomes, daungers vnforecaſt:
Leauing this poore word of content to ſuch,
VVhoſe earthly ſpirits haue not his fierie tuch.

But pleaſures neuer dine but on exceſſe,
VVhoſe dyet made to drawe on all delight,
And ouercome in that ſweet drunkennes,
His appetite maintayned by his ſight,
Strengthneth deſier, but euer weakneth might:
Vntill this vlcer ripening to a head,
Vomits the poyſon which it nouriſhed.

Euen as a flood ſwelling beyond his bounds,
Doth ouer-preſſe the channell where he flowd,
And breaking forth, the neighbour Meadows drowns,
That of him ſelfe, him ſelfe doth quite vnload,
Diſpearcing his owne greatnes all abroad:
Spending the ſtore he was maintayned by,
Empties his Brooke, and leaues his Channell dry.

Vpon this Subiect, enuie might deuiſe,
Here might ſhe prooue her miſcheefe-working wings,
An obiect for her euer-waking eyes,
VVherein to ſtick a thouſand deadly ſtings,
A ground whereon to build as many things:
For where our actions meaſure no regard,
Our lawleſſe will is made his owne reward.

Here vengeance calls deſtruction vp from hell,
Coniuring miſcheefe to deuiſe a curſe,
Increaſing that, which more and more did ſwell,
Adding to ill, to make this euill worſe,
VVhilſt hatefull pride becomes ambitions nurſe:
T'is incedent to thoſe whom many feare,
Many to them more greeuous hate doe beare.

And now thoſe fewe which many tears had ſpent,
And long had wept on olde King *Edwards* graue,
Find ſome begin to pittie their lament,
VViſhing the poore yet ſome redreſſe might haue,
Reuenge cannot denie what death doth craue:
Opening their eares what ſo abhord their eyes,
Ill will too ſoone regardeth enuies cryes.

Time calls account of what before is paſt,
All thruſt on mallice preſsing to be hard,
Vnto misfortune all men goe too faſt,
Seldome, aduantage is in wrongs debard,
Nor in reuenge a meane is neuer ſpard:
For when once pryde but poynteth towards his fall,
He bears a ſword to wound him ſelfe with all.

Edward whoſe ſhoulders now were taught to peyze,
Briarius burthen, which oppreſt him ſo,
His current ſtop'd with theſe outragious Seas,
VVhoſe gulfe receau'd the tyde ſhould make him flowe,
This Rocke caſt in the way where he muſt goe:
That honor brooks, no fellowſhip hath tryde,
Nor neuer Crowne Corriuall could abyde.

Some vrge that *March*, meaning by blood to riſe,
Firſt cut off *Kent*, fearing he might ſucceed,
Trayning the King to what he did deuiſe,
Lymming in cullors this vnlawfull deed,
And to his owne, the royall blood to weed:
Thus euery ſtrawe prooues fewell to the fier,
VVhen counſell doth concurre with our deſier.

All fence the tree which ſcrueth for a ſhade,
VVhoſe great growne body doth repulſe the wind,
Vntill his waſtfull branches doe inuade,
The ſtraighter plants, and them in pryſon bind,
Then lyke a foule deuower of his kind:
Vnto his roote all put their hands to hewe,
VVhoſe roomth but hinder other which would grow.

Greatnes, lyke to the Sunnes reflecting powers,
The fen-bred vapours naturally exhales,
And is the cauſe that oft the euening lowers,
VVhen foggie miſts enlarge their duskie failes,
That his owne beams, he in the clouds impales:
And eyther muſt extinguiſh his owne light,
Or by his vertue cauſe his propper night.

Of winter thus whilſt they prognoſticate,
He hath the Sommer, and a fruitfull yeare,
And ſtill is ſoothed by his flattering fate,
For ſtill the ſtarre which guides him doth appeare;
Hee looks far off, yet ſees not daunger neare:
For oft we ſee before a ſodaine ſhower,
The ſunne ſhines hott'ſt, and hath the greateſt power.

Now ſphears with Muſick make a new worlds birth,
Bring on againe olde *Saturns* golden raigne,
Renewe this wearie barren-wombed earth,
And rayſe aloft the ſunnes declyning wayne,
And by your power make all things young agayne:
Orpheus, once more to *Thebes* olde Forreſts bring,
Drinke Nectar, whilſt the Gods are banquetting.

VVithin this Caſtell had the Queene deuiſd,
A ſtately Chamber with the penſill wrought,
VVithin whoſe compaſſe was imparadizd,
VVhat euer Arte or rare inuention taught,
As well might ſeeme far to exceed all thought:
That were the thing on earth to moue delight,
He ſhould not want it to content his ſight.

Heere *Phœbus* clipping *Hiacynthus* ſtood,
VVhoſe lyues laſt drops, his ſnowie breaſt imbrewe,
Mixing his chriſtall tears with purple blood,
As were it blood or tears, none ſcarcely knewe,
Yet blood and tears, one from the other drewe:
The little wood-nimphs chafing him with balme,
To rayſe this ſweet Boy from this deadly qualme.

Here lyes his Lute, his Quiuer, and his bowe,
His golden mantle on the greene-ſpred ground,
That from the things themſelues none could them know,
The ſledge ſo ſhadowed, ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
Th'wound beeing made, yet ſtill to make a wound:
The purple flower with letters on the leaues,
Springing that Nature, oft her ſelfe deceaues.

The milke-white Heifor, *Io*, *Ioues* faire rape,
Viewing her new-ta'en figure in a Brooke,
The water ſeeming to retayne the ſhape,
VVhich lookes on her, as ſhee on it doth looke,
That gazing eyes oft-times them ſelues miſtooke:
By proſpectiue deuis'd that looking nowe,
Shee ſeem'd a Mayden, then againe a Cowe.

Then *Mercurie* amidſt his ſweeteſt ioyes,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a Fountayne brim,
Clipping each other with laſciuious toyes,
And each to other lapped lim to lim,
On tufts of flowers which looſely ſeeme to ſwim:
VVhich flowers in ſprinckled drops doe ſtill appeare,
As all their bodies ſo embraudered were.

Heere clyffy *Cynthus*, with a thouſand byrds,
VVhoſe checkerd plumes adorne his tufted crowne,
Vnder whoſe ſhadow graze the ſtragling heards,
Out of whoſe top, the freſh ſprings trembling downe,
Duly keepe time with theyr harmonious ſowne.
The Rock ſo liuely done in euery part,
As arte had ſo taught nature, nature arte.

The naked Nymphes, ſome vp, ſome downe diſcending,
Small ſcattering flowers one at another flung,
VVith pretty turns their lymber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately ſprong,
VVhich on the Rocks grewe heere and there among.
Some combe theyr hayre, ſome making garlands by,
As liuing, they had done it actually.

And for a trayle, *Caiſters* ſiluer Lake,
VVhoſe heards of Swanns ſit pruning on a row,
By their much whitenes, ſuch reflection make,
As though in Sommer had been falne a ſnow,
VVhoſe ſtreame an eaſie breath doth ſeeme to blowe;
VVhich on the ſparkling grauell runns in purles,
As though the waues had been of ſiluer curles.

Here falls proude *Phaeton*, tumbling through the clowds,
The ſunny Palfreys haue their traces broke,
And ſetting fire vpon the welked ſhrowds,
Now through the heauen flye gadding from the yoke,
The Sphears all reeking with a miſtie ſmoke,
Drawne with ſuch life, as ſome did much deſire
To warme themſelues, ſome frighted with the fire.

And Drencht in *Po*, the Riuer ſeemes to burne,
His wofull ſiſters, mourning there he ſees,
Trees vnto women ſeeme themſelues to turne,
Or rather women turned into trees,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fall from their eyes,
That fire ſeem'd to be water, water flame,
Eyther or neyther, and yet both the ſame.

A ſtately Bed vnder a golden tree,
VVhoſe broad-leau'd branches couering ouer all,
Spread their large Armes like to a Canapy,
Dubbling themſelues in their laſciuious fall,
Vpon whoſe top the flying *Cupids* ſpraule,
And ſome, at ſundry cullored byrds doe ſhute,
Some ſwaruing vp to get the golden fruite.

A counterpoynt of Tyſſue, rarely wrought,
Like to *Arachnes* web, of the Gods rape,
VVhich with his lifes ſtrange hiſtory is wrought,
The very manner of his hard eſcape,
From poynt to poynt, each thing in perfect ſhape,
As made the gazers thinke it there was done,
And yet time ſtayd in which it was begun.

During thys calme, is gather'd that black ſhowre,
VVhoſe vglie clowde the clyme had ouer-ſpred,
And now drawes on that long death-dating howre,
His fatall ſtarre now hangeth o're his head,
His fortunes ſunne downe towards the euening fled,
For when we thinke we moſt in ſafety ſtand,
Great'ſt dangers then are euer near'ſt at hand.

And *Edward* ſees no meanes can euer boote,
Vnleſſe thys head-ſtrong courſe he may reſtraine,
And muſt pluck vp theſe miſchiefs by the roote,
Els ſpred ſo farre, might eaſely grow againe,
And end theyr raigne, if he doe meane to raigne;
The Common-weale to cure, brought to that paſſe,
VVhich like a many-headed Monſter was.

But ſith he finds the danger to be ſuch,
To bring this Beare once bayted to the ſtake,
And that he feeles the forwardeſt to gruch,
To take in hand this ſleeping dog to wake,
He muſt fore-think of ſome ſuch courſe to take,
By which he might his purpoſe thus effect,
And hurt him moſt, where he might leaſt ſuſpect.

A trenched vault deepe in the earth is found,
VVhoſe hollownes, like to the Sleep-gods Cell,
VVith ſtrange Meanders turneth vnder ground,
VVhere pitchy darknes euer-more doth dwell,
As well might be an entrance into hell.
VVhich Archyteckts, to ſerue the Caſtell made,
VVhen as the Dane with warrs did all inuade.

Heere ſilent night, as in a pryſon ſhrowded,
VVandreth about within thys mazed roome,
VVith filthy fogs, and earthly vapors clowded,
As ſhee were buried in this cliffy roombe,
Or yet vnborne within the earths great woombe.
A dampy breath comes from the moyſted vaines,
As ſhee had ſigh'd through trouble in her paines.

Now on a long this cranckling path doth keepe,
Then by a rock turnes vp another way,
Then riſing vp, ſhee poynteth towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vnleuell lay,
Nor in his courſe keepes any certaine ſtay,
Till in the Caſtell in a ſecret place,
He ſuddainly vnmaske his duskie face.

The King now with a ſtrong ſelected crue,
Of ſuch as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to thys action knew,
Nor in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
VVhoſe loyall fayth had neuer yet beene tainted,
This Labyrinth determins to aſſay,
To rouze the beaſt which kept him thus at bay.

The bluſhing Sunne, plucks in his ſmyling beames,
Making his ſteeds to mend theyr wonted pace,
Till plunging downe into the Ocean ſtreames,
There in the frothy waues he hides his face,
Then reynes them in, more then his vſuall ſpace,
And leaues foule darknes to poſſeſſe the skyes,
A time moſt fit for fouler tragedies.

VVith Torches now they enter on his Caue,
As night were day, and day were turnd to night,
Damp'd with the foyle one to the other gaue,
Light hating darknes, darknes hating light,
As enemies, each with the other fight;
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As darknes light, and light but darknes were.

The craggy cleeues, which crosse them as they goe,
Seeme as their passage they would haue denied,
And threatning them, their iourney to for-slowe,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
Cursing the hand vvhich did them first deuide,
Theyr combrous falls and risings seem'd to say,
Thys wicked action could not brooke the day.

These gloomy Lamps, by which they on were led,
Making theyr shaddowes follow at theyr back,
VVhich like to Mourners, waite vpon the dead,
And as the deed, so are they vgly black,
Like to the dreadfull Images of wrack;
These poore dym-burning lights, as all amazed,
As those deformed shades whereon they gazed.

Theyr clattering Armes, their Maſters ſeeme to chyde,
As they would reaſon wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtriking with the poynts from ſide to ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
VVhoſe ſtony rooſe lock'd in their dolefull ſound:
And hanging in the creeks, draw backe againe,
As vvilling them from murther to refraine.

Novv, after masks and gallant reuelings,
The Queene vnto the Chamber is with-drawne,
To vvhom a cleer-voyc'd Eunuch playes and ſings;
And vnderneath a Canapy of Lawne,
Sparkling with pearle, like to the cheerfull dawne,
Leaning vpon the breaſt of *Mortimer*,
VVhoſe voice more then the muſick pleaſd her eare.

A ſmock wrought with the pureſt Affrick ſilke,
A worke ſo fine, as might all worke refine,
Her breaſt like ſtrains of violets in milk;
O be thou hence-forth Beauties liuing ſhrine,
And teach things mortall to be moſt diuine.
Encloſe Loue in thys Labyrinth about,
VVhere let him wander ſtill, yet ne're get out;

Her

Her golden hayre, ah gold, thou art too baſe,
VVere it not ſinne but once to name it hayre,
Falling as it would kiſſe her fairer face,
But no word fayre enough for thing ſo fayre,
Inuention is too bare, to paynt her bare;
But where the pen fayles, Penſill cannot ſhow it,
Nor can be knowne, vnleſſe the minde doe knowe it.

Shee layes thoſe fingers on his manly cheeke,
The Gods pure ſcepters, and the darts of loue,
VVhich with one tuch might make a Tyger meeke,
Or might an *Atlas* eaſely remoue:
That lilly hand, rich Natures wedding gloue,
VVhich might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a ſpirit into the hardeſt ſtone.

The fire of precious wood, the lights perfume,
VVhoſe perfect cleernes, on the painting ſhone,
As euery thing with ſweetnes would conſume,
And euery thing had ſweetnes of his owne,
The ſmell where-with they liu'd, & alwaies growne,
That light gaue cullour on each thing it fell,
And to that cullour, the perfume gaue ſmell.

Vpon the ſundry pictures they deuiſe,
And from one thing they to an other runne,
Now they commend that body, then thoſe eyes,
How well that byrd, how well that flower was done,
The liuely counterfetting of that ſunne:
The cullors, the conceits, the ſhadowings,
And in that Arte a thouſand ſundrie things.

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton* wrapd in fier,
The gentle Queene doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more prayſing his deſier,
To looſe his lyfe or elſe to gouerne all:
And though (quoth he) he now be Fortunes thrall,
This muſt be ſayd of him when all is done,
Hee perriſh'd in the Chariot of the Sunne.

Glaunſing vpon *Ixion*, ſhee doth ſmile,
VVho for his *Iune* tooke the cloud amiſſe;
Madam (quoth hee) thus women can beguile,
And oft we find in loue, this error is,
VVhy friend (quoth ſhee) thy hap is lyke to his:
That booteth not (quoth he) were he as I,
Ioue would haue beene in monſtrous icalouſie.

(Shee ſayth) *Phœbus* is too much forc'd by Art,
Nor can ſhee find how his imbraces bee:
But *Mortimer* now takes the Paynters part,
Tis euen thus great Empreſſe, ſo (quoth hee)
Thus twyne their armes, and thus their lips you ſee:
You *Phœbus* are, poore *Hiacinthus* I,
Kiſſe mee till I reuiue, and now I die.

By this into the vttermoſt ſtately Hall,
Is rudely entred this diſordred rout,
And they within ſuſpecting leaſt of all,
Prouide no guard to watch on them without,
Thus danger falls oft-times, when leaſt we doubt:
In perrill thus we thinke our ſelues moſt ſure,
And oft in death fond men are moſt ſecure.

His truſtie *Nevill*, and young *Turrington*,
Courting the Ladies, frolick voyd of feare,
Staying delights whilſt time away doth runne,
VVhat rare Emprezas hee and he did beare,
Thus in the Lobby whilſt they ſporting weare:
Aſſayld on ſudaine by this helliſh trayne,
Both in the entrance miſerably ſlayne.

Euen

Euen as from ſnow-topd *Skidos* froſtie cleeues,
Some Norway Haggard, to her pitch doth tower,
And downe amongſt the moore-bred Mallard driues,
And through the aire, right down the wind doth ſcower,
Commaunding all that lye within her power:
Euen ſuch a skreame is hard within the vault,
Made by the Ladies at the firſt aſſault.

March hath no armes, but the Queene in his armes,
To fayre a ſheeld to beare their fouler blowes,
Enchayning his ſtrong armes, in her ſweet armes,
Incloſing them which oft did her incloſe,
O had he had but weapons lyke his woes:
Her preſence had redoubled then his might,
To lyue and dye both in his ſoueraigns ſight.

Villains (quoth hee) I doe protect the King,
VVhy Centaure-lyke doe you diſturbe me this,
And interrupt the Gods at banquetting,
VVhere ſacred *Himen* euer preſent is,
And pleaſures are imparadized in blis:
VVhere all they powers, their earthly heauen would take,
If heere on earth they their abode ſhould make.

Her preſence pardons the offenders ill,
And makes the baſeſt earthly thing diuine,
Ther's no decree can countermaund her will,
Shee like the Sunne, doth bleſſe where ſhe doth ſhine,
Her Chamber is the moſt vnſpotted ſhrine:
How ſacriligiouſly dare you deſpiſe,
And thus prophane theſe halowed liberties.

But *Edward*, if this enterprize be thine,
And thou an Actor heere do'ſt play thy part,
I tell thee then baſe King thy Crowne was mine,
And thou a King but of my making art.
And now poore worme ſince thou haſt taken hart,
Thou would'ſt hew downe that pillar vnto wrack,
VVhich hath ſuſtaynd *Olimpus* on his back.

VVhat can he doe, that is ſo hard beſet?
The heauen-threatning Gyants, heauen could tame,
Proud *Mars* is bound within an yron net,
Alcides burnt in *Neſſus* poyſned flame,
Great *Ioue* can ſhake the vniuerſall frame:
He that was wont to call his ſword to ayde,
Tis hard with him, when he muſt ſtand to plead.

O hadſt thou in thy glory thus beene ſlayne,
All thy delights had beene of eaſie rate,
But now thy fame yet neuer tuch'd with ſtayne,
Muſt thus be branded with thy hapleſſe fate,
No man is happie till his lyfes laſt date:
His pleaſures muſt be of a dearer price,
Poore *Adam* driuen out of Paradice.

Halfe drownd in tears, ſhe followes him: ô tears,
Elixar like, turne all to pearle you weet,
To weepe with her, the building ſcarce forbeare,
Stones Metamorphizd tuch'd but with her feete,
And make the ayre for euerlaſting ſweet:
VVringing her hands with pitious ſhreeking cries,
Thus vtters ſhee her hard extreamities.

Edward (quoth ſhee) let not his blood be ſhed,
Each drop of it is more worth then thy Crowne,
VVhat Region is in *Europe* limitted,
VVhere doth not ſhine, the Sunne of his renowne?
His ſword hath ſet Kings vp, & thrown them downe:
Thou knowſt that Empires neuer haue confind,
The large-ſpred bounds of his vnconquer'd mind.

And if thou feed'ſt vpon thy Fathers wrongs,
Make not reuenge, to bring reuenge on thee,
VVhat torture thou inflict'ſt, to me belongs,
And what is due to death, is due to mee,
Imagine that his wounds freſh bleeding bee:
Forget thy birth, thy crowne, thy loue, thy Mother,
And in this breaſt thy ſword in vengeance ſmother.

O let my hands held vp appeaſe this ſtryfe,
O let theſe knees at which thou oft haſt ſtood,
Now kneele to thee, to beg my lyues true lyfe,
This wombe that bare thee, breaſt that gaue thee food,
Or let my blood yet purchaſe his deere blood:
O let my tears which neuer thing could force,
Conſtraynd by this, yet moue thee to remorce.

But all in vaine, ſtill *Edwards* ghoſt appears,
And cryes reuenge, reuenge, vnto his Sonne,
And now the voyce of wofull *Kent* hee hears,
And bids him followe what he had begun,
Nor will they reſt till execution done:
The very ſight of him he deadly hated,
Sharpens the edge, his Mothers tears rebated.

To London now a wofull priſoner led,
London where he had tryumph'd with the Queene,
He followeth now, whom many followed,
And ſcarce a man, who many men had beene,
Seeing with greefe who had in pompe been ſeene:
Thoſe eyes which oft haue at his greatnes gazed,
Now at his fall muſt ſtand as all amazed.

Oh miſery, where once thou art poſſeſt,
How ſoone thy faynt infection alters kind,
And lyke a *Cyrce* turneſt man to beaſt,
And with the body do'ſt transforme the mind,
That can in fetters our affections bind:
That he whoſe back once bare the Lyons skin,
VVhipt to his taske, with *Iole* muſt ſpin.

Edward and *March* vnite your angry ſpirits,
Become new friends of auncient Enemies,
Hee was thy death, and he thy death inherits,
How well you conſort in your miſeries,
And in true time tune your aduerſities:
Fortune gaue him, what ſhee to *Edward* gaue,
Not ſo much as thy end but he will haue.

At *Westminster* a Parliament decreed,
Vnder pretence of safetie to the Crowne,
VVhere to his fatall end they now proceed,
All working hard to dig this Mountayne downe,
VVith his owne greatnes that is ouer-growne:
The King, the Earle of Kent, the *Spensers* fall,
Vpon his head with vengeance thundring all.

The fiue Articles whereupon Mortimer is condemned.

The death of *Edward* neuer is forgot,
The signe at *Stanhope* to the Enemies,
Ione of the Towers marriage to the *Scot*,
The *Spensers* coyne seaz'd to his treasuries,
Th'assuming of the wards and Lyueries:
These Articles they vrge which might him greeue,
VVhich for his creed, he neuer did beleeue.

Oh dire reuenge, when thou in time art rak'd
From out the ashes which preserue thee long,
And lightly from thy cinders art awak'd,
Fuell to feed on, and reuiu'd with wrong.
How soone from sparks the greatest flames are sprong:
VVhich doth by Nature to his top aspire,
VVhose massie greatnes once kept downe his fier.

Debar'd

Debar'd from ſpeech to aunſwere in his caſe,
His iudgment publique, and his ſentence paſt,
The day of death ſet downe, the time, and place,
And thus the lot of all his fortune caſt,
His hope ſo ſlowe, his end draw on ſo faſt:
VVith pen and ynke, his drooping ſpirit to wake,
Now of the Queene his leaue he thus doth take.

MOſt mighty Empreſſe, daine thou to peruſe
Theſe Swan-like Dirges of a dying man:
Not like thoſe Sonnets of my youthfull Muſe,
In that ſweet ſeaſon when our loue began,
VVhen at the Tylt thy princely gloue I wan:
VVhereas my thundring Courſer forward ſet,
Made fire to flie from *Herfords* Burgonet.

Thys King which thus makes haſt vnto my death,
Madam, you know, I lou'd him as mine owne,
And when I might haue graſped out his breath,
I ſet him eaſely in his Fathers throne,
And forc'd the rough ſtormes backe when they haue (blowne;
But theſe forgot, & all the reſt forgiuen,
Our thoughts muſt be continually on heauen.

And for the Crowne whereon ſo much he ſtands,
Came baſtard *VVilliam* but himſelfe on ſhore?
Or had he not our Fathers conquering hands,
VVhich in the field our houſes Enſigne bore,
VVhich his proude Lyons for theyr ſafety wore,
VVhich rag'd at *Haſtings* like that furious Lake,
From whoſe ſterne waues our glorious name we take?

Oh had he charg'd me mounted on that horſe
VVhereon I march'd before the walls of *Gaunt*,
And with my Launce there ſhewd an Engliſh force,
Or vanquiſht me, a valiant combattant,
Then of his conqueſt had he cauſe to vaunt;
But he whoſe eyes durſt not behold my ſhield,
Perceiu'd my Chamber fitter then the field.

I haue not ſerued Fortune like a ſlaue,
My minde hath ſuted with her mightines,
I haue not hid her tallent in a graue,
Nor burying of her bounty made it leſſe:
My fault to God and heauen I muſt confeſſe;
He twiſe offends, who ſinne in flattery beares,
Yet euery howre he dyes, which euer feares.

I cannot quake at that which others feare,
Fortune and I haue tugg'd together ſo;
VVhat Fate impoſeth, we perforce muſt beare,
And I am growne familiar with my vvoe,
Vſed ſo oft againſt the ſtreame to row;
Yet my offence my conſcience ſtill doth grieue,
VVhich God (I truſt) in mercy will forgiue.

I am ſhut vp in ſilence, nor muſt ſpeake,
Nor Kingdoms leaſe my life, but I muſt die,
I cannot weepe and if my hart ſhould breake,
Nor am I ſenceleſſe of my miſery,
My hart ſo full, hath made mine eyes ſo dry;
I neede not cherriſh griefes, too faſt they grow,
VVoe be to him that dies of his owne woe.

I pay my life, and then the debt is payd,
VVith the reward, th'offence is purg'd and gone,
The ſtormes will calme when once the ſpirit is layd;
Enuy doth ceaſe, wanting to feede vpon,
VVe haue one life, and ſo our death is one,
Nor in the duſt mine honor I inter,
Thus *Ceſar* dyed, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

Liue ſacred Empreſſe, and ſee happie dayes,
Be euer lou'd, with me die all our hate,
Let neuer ages ſing but of thy praiſe,
My blood ſhall pacifie the angry Fate,
And cancell thus our ſorrowes long-liu'd date:
And treble ten times longer laſt thy fame,
Then that ſtrong Tower thou calledſt by my name.

To *Nottingham* this Letter brought vnto her,
VVhich is endorſed with her glorious ſtile,
Shee thinks the title yet againe doth wooe her,
And with that thought her ſorrowes doth beguile.
Smyling on that, thinks that on her doth ſmyle;
Shee kiſsing it, (to counteruaile her paine,)
Tuching her lip, it giues the kiſſe againe.

Faire workmanſhip, quoth ſhe, of that faire hand,
All-moouing organ, ſweet ſpheare-tuning kay,
The Meſſenger of *Ioues* ſleep-charming wand,
Pully which draw'ſt the curtaine of the Day,
Pure Trophies, reard to guide on valurs way,
VVhat paper-bleſsing Charrecters are you,
VVhoſe louely forme, that louelier engine drew?

Turning the Letter, ſeal'd ſhee doth it find,
VVith thoſe rich Armes borne by his glorious name,
VVhere-with this dreadfull euidence is ſign'd:
O badge of honour, greateſt marke of fame,
Braue ſhield, quoth ſhe, which once frō heauen came,
Fayre robe of tryumph, *Ioues* celeſtiall ſtate,
To all immortall prayſes conſecrate.

Going about to rip the ſacred ſeale,
VVhich cleaues, leaſt clowdes too ſoone ſhould dim her eyes,
As loth it were her ſorrowes to reueale,
Quoth ſhee, thy Maiſter taught thee ſecrecies:
The ſoft waxe, with her fingers tuch doth riſe,
Shee asketh it, who taught thee thus to kiſſe?
I know, quoth ſhe, thy Maiſter taught thee thys?

Opening the Letter, Empreſſe ſhee doth reed,
At which a bluſh from her faire cheekes aroſe,
And with Ambrozia ſtill, her thoughts doth feed,
And with a ſeeming ioy doth paint her woes,
Then to ſubſcribed *Mortimer* ſhee goes;
March following it, ô *March*, great *March* ſhe cryes,
VVhich ſpeaking word, euen ſeemingly replyes.

Thus hath ſhee ended, yet ſhee muſt begin,
Euen as a fiſh playing with a bayted hooke,
Now ſhee begins to ſwallow ſorrow in,
And Death doth ſhewe himſelfe at euery looke,
Now reads ſhee in her liues accounting Booke:
And findes the blood of her loſt friend had payd,
The deepe expenſes which ſhee forth had layd.

Now with an hoſt of wofull words aſſayl'd,
As euery letter wounded lyke a dart,
As euery one would boaſt, which moſt preuayl'd,
And euery one would pierce her to the hart,
Rethoricall in woe, and vſing Art:
Reaſons of greefe, each ſentence doth infer,
And euere lyne, a true remembrancer.

Greefe makes her read, yet greefe ſtill bids her leaue,
Ore-charg'd with greefe, ſhe neither ſees nor heares,
Her ſorrowes doe her ſences quite deceaue,
The words doe blind her eyes, the ſound her eares,
And now for veſcues doth ſhe vſe her teares:
And when a lyne ſhee looſely ouer-paſt,
The drops doe tell her where ſhee left the laſt.

O now ſhe ſees, was euer ſuch a ſight?
And ſeeing, curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
And ſayth, ſhee is deluded by the light,
Or is abus'd by the Orthography:
Or poynted falſe, her ſchollerſhyp to try.
Thus when we fondly ſooth our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits doe prooue the greateſt lyers.

Her trembling hand, as in a Feuer ſhakes,
VVherwith the paper doth a little ſtirre,
VVhich ſhee imagins, at her ſorrow quakes,
And pitties it who ſhee thinks pitties her:
And moning it, bids it that greefe refer;
Quoth ſhee, Ile raine downe ſhowers of tears on thee,
VVhen I am dead, weepe them againe on mee.

Quoth ſhee, with odors were thy body burned,
As is Th'arabian byrd againſt the ſunne,
Againe from cynders yet thou ſhould'ſt be turned,
And ſo thy life another age ſhould runne,
Nature enuying it ſo ſoone was done:
Amongſt all byrds, one onely of that ſtraine,
Amongſt all men, one *Mortimer* againe.

I will preſerue thy aſhes in ſome Vrne,
VVhich as a relique, I will onely ſaue,
VVhich mixed with my tears as I doe mourne,
VVithin my ſtomack ſhall theyr buriall haue,
Although deſeruing a farre better graue;
Yet in that Temple ſhall they be preſerued,
VVhere, as a Saint thou euer haſt been ſerued.

Be thou tranſ-form'd vnto ſome ſacred tree,
VVhoſe precious gum may cure the fainting hart,
Or to ſome hearbe yet turned mayſt thou be,
VVhoſe iuyce apply'd may eaſe the ſtrongeſt ſmart,
Or flower, whoſe leaues thy vertues may impart,
Or ſtellified on *Pegaſe* loftie creſt,
Or ſhyning on the *Nemian* Lyons breſt.

I thinke the Gods could take them mortall ſhapes,
As all the world may by thy greatnes gather,
And *Ioue* in ſome of his light wanton ſcapes,
Committed pretty cuſnage with thy father,
Or elſe thou wholy art celeſtiall rather:
Els neuer could it be, ſo great a minde,
Could ſeated be, in one of earthly kind,

And if, as ſome affirme, in euery ſtarre,
There be a world, then muſt ſome world be thine,
Elſe ſhall thy ghoſt inuade their bounds with warre,
If ſuch can mannage armes as be deuine,
That here thou hadſt no world, the fault was mine:
And graceleſſe *Edward* kinling all this fier,
Trod in the duſt of his vnhappy fier.

It was not *Charles* that made *Charles* what he was,
VVhereby he quickly to that greatnes grew,
Nor ſtrooke ſuch terror which way he did paſſe,
Nor our olde Grand-ſiers glory did renew,
But it thy valure was, which *Charles* well knew:
VVhich hath repulſt his Enemies with feare,
VVhen they but heard the name of *Mortimer*.

In Books and Armes conſiſted thy delight,
And thy diſcourſe of Campes, and grounds of ſtate,
No Apiſh fan-bearing Hermophradite,
Coch-carried midwyfe, weake, effeminate,
Quilted and ruft, which manhood euer hate:
A *Cato* when in counſell thou didſt ſit,
A *Hercules* in executing it.

Now ſhee begins to curſe the King her Sonne,
The Earle of *March* then comes vnto her mind,
Then ſhee with bleſsing ends what ſhee begun,
And leaues the laſt part of the curſe behind,
Then with a vowe ſhee her reuenge doth bind:
Vnto that vowe ſhee ads a little oth,
Thus bleſsing curſing, curſing bleſsing both.

For pen and inke ſhee calls her mayds without,
And *Edwards* dealing will in greefe diſcouer,
But ſtraight forgetting what ſhee went about,
Shee now begins to write vnto her louer,
Yet interlyning *Edwards* threatnings ouer:
Then turning back to read what ſhee had writ,
Shee teyrs the paper, and condemnes her wit.

Thus with the pangs out of this traunce ateyſed,
As water ſome-time wakeneth from a ſwound,
Comes to her ſelfe the agonie apeyſed,
As when the blood is cold, we feele the wound,
And more, and more, ſith ſhe the cauſe had found,
Thus vnto *Edward* with reuenge ſhee goes,
And hee muſt beare the burthen of her woes.

I would my lap had beene ſome cruell Racke,
His Cradell *Phalaris* burning-bellyed Bull,
And *Neſſus* ſhyrt beene put vpon his backe,
His Blanket of ſome *Nilus* Serpents wooll,
His Dug with iuice of Acconite beene full:
The ſong which luld him, when to ſleepe he fell,
Some Incantation or ſome Magique ſpell.

And thus King *Edward* ſince thou art my Child,
Some thing of force to thee I muſt bequeath,
March of my harts true loue hath thee beguild,
My curſe vnto thy boſome doe I breath,
And heere inuoke the wretched ſpirits beneath:
To ſee all things perform'd to my intent,
Make them ore-ſeers of my Teſtament.

And thus within theſe mighty walls inclos'd,
Euen as the Owles ſo hatefull of the light,
Vnto repentance euer more diſpos'd,
Heere ſpend my dayes vntill my laſt dayes night;
And hence-forth odious vnto all mens ſight,
Flye euery ſmall remembrance of delight,
A penitentiall mournfull conuertite.

FINIS.